

MAXIMS, SAYINGS,
Explications of *E. Abernethy*
SCRIPTURE PHRASES,
Descriptions and Characters,
Extracted from the
WRITINGS
Of the late

Reverend and Learned Dr. *SOUTH.*

Whereby the Reader may, at one View, be appriz'd of the Wit, Learning, Elegancy of Stile, Happiness of Expression, and Force of Argument, whereof that most Excellent Divine, and Profound Scholar, was Master, to the greatest Perfection.

The SECOND EDITION.

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MAXIMS

OF

CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES

By William and Catherine

Extracted from the

WRITINGS

Of the late

Reverend and Learned Dr. SOUTH

Wherein the Reader may see a full
and complete Exposition of the
of Scripture, together with the
Divine and eternal Principles
to the greatest Perfection.

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N
Printed for A. BARNARD in the Strand
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THE
PREFACE.

THO' the Name of the Great and Immortal Dr. SOUTH, is of sufficient Authority in itself to recommend his Writings, and the best and surest way for the following Collection to obtain Credit and Reputation with the Reader, is to make it gain upon his *Attention* and *Esteem*, without any needless Introduction in its Behalf; the Reasons of making it Publick may not be unnecessary to be given, since in all likelihood

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they may be required at the Publisher's Hands.

And here the Proprietors of this most Excellent Divine's Works, are to be given to understand, that there has been no View had in this Collection to any Injury, but rather to the Advantage which will thereby accrue to them; for tho' it may in some measure, be said to have pick'd the choicest Flowers out of their inexhaustible Garden of Rhetorick, and *Omnifarious Erudition*; yet, by leaving the Plants from whence they grow unrooted up, it must infallibly be a means of a much greater resort to that Evangelical Paradise, whence no one can return without a Survey
and

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and Taste of New Beauties and Pleasures.

The Bulk of Learned and Voluminous Tracts very often proves the occasion of their being laid aside, and unregarded; by which unfortunate Neglect, the greatest part of Mankind is at a loss for Improvements from them: For, let the Elegancies of their Expressions, the Copicousness of their Stile, the Redundancy of their Fancy, and the Powerfulness of their Arguments shine forth with never so much *Brightness* and *Strength*, the Price those Tracts are set up at, will of course abate of their Ardour, in making enquiries into them. Whereas, if they were drawn in-
to

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to a narrower compass, and rated lower, they would be bought and read more Universally; and a *Barrow* and a *Tillotson* would be as generally receiv'd, as they are admired and applauded.

To this end, and for no other, this Epitome comes forth, by so much the more valuable, and capable of being imprinted on the Memory and the Understanding, by how much the more shorten'd and abridg'd, tho' in such a manner, as to rob the Author of none of his most valuable Perfections of Wit, Oratory or Learning: So that not only Persons of mean Abilities, both of Pockets and Parts, may be better'd and instructed at a small Expence, but even

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even Clergymen and Scholars may, from hence, add to their Knowledge, by a concise Method, at one view, learn to digest their Discourses into open and adequate Periods, and illustrate their Descriptions and Characters by the most significant and happy turns of Expression.

So much has been thought proper to be said in Defence of the Design. As to the Work, it will speak for itself, when the Reader is told, that it is entirely a Collection from the above-mention'd Author, of whom nothing can be more fully spoken to his Praise, than what has been said by the best Judge of Wit, Reason and Learning in his Writings
call'd

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call'd the *Tatler*, No. 205. Vol. 4. Where speaking of one of the Discourses made by the Doctor at Court, upon the ways of Pleasantness, he gives this short but full Character of it, and him, thus emphatically, *The charming Discourse has in it, whatever Wit and Wisdom can put together. This Gentleman has a Talent of making all his Faculties bear to the great End of his hallowed Profession. Happy Genius! He is the better Man for being a Wit. The best way to Praise this Author is to quote him, &c.*

Maxims,

Maxims, Characters, &c.

ARISTOTLE says, *That were it possible to put a Young Man's Eye into an Old Man's Head, he would see as plainly and as clearly as the other, so, could we infuse the Inclinations and Principles of a Vertuous Person into him that Prosecutes his Debauches with the greatest Keenness of Desire, and sense of Delight, he would loath and reject them as heartily as he now pursues them.*

Diogenes being ask'd at a Feast why he did not continue eating as the rest, answer'd him that ask'd him with another Question, *Pray why do you eat?* Why? Says he, *for my Pleasure.* Why so says *Diogenes* do I abstain from my Vice: And therefore the vain, the vicious, and luxurious Person argues at an high rate of Inconsequence, when he makes his particular Desires, the general Measure of other Men's Delights.

Adam's Happiness in the State of Innocence, compar'd with our fallen State.

HE came into the World a Philosopher, which sufficiently appear'd by his writing the Nature of Things upon their Names; he could view Essences in themselves, and read Forms without the Comment of their respective Properties; he could

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see Consequents yet dormant in their Principles, and Effects yet unborn, and in the Womb of their Causes : His Understanding could almost pierce into future Contingents ; his Conjectures improving even to Prophecy, or the certainties of Prediction : Till his Fall, he was ignorant of nothing but Sin, or at least it rested in the Notion without the smart of Experiment. Could any Difficulty have been propos'd, the Resolution would have been as early as the Proposal ; it could not have had time to settle into Doubt. Like a better *Archimedes*, the Issue of all his enquiries was an *εὑρηκα*, an *εὑρηκα*, *I have found it, I have found it*, the Offspring of his Brain without the sweat of his Brow : Study was not then a Duty ; Night-watchings were needless ; the light of Reason wanted not the assistance of a Candle. This is the Doom of *fallen Man*, to labour in the Fire, to seek Truth *in Profundo*, to exhaust his Time and impair his Health, and perhaps to spin out his Days, and himself into one piteous, controverted conclusion. There was then no poring, no struggling with Memory, no straining for Invention. His Faculties were quick and expedite ; they answer'd without knocking ; they were ready upon the first Summons ; there was freedom and firmness in all their Operations. Tho' 'tis as difficult for us who date our Ignorance from our first Beginning, and were still bred up with the same Infirmities about us, with which we were born, to raise our Thoughts and Imaginations to those Intellectual Perfections that attended our Nature in the Time of Innocence, as it is for a Peasant bred up in the Obscurities of a Cottage, to fancy in his Mind the unseen Splendors of a Court. But by rateing *Positives* by their *Privatives*, and other Acts of Reason, by which Discourse supplies the want of the Reports of Sense, we may collect the Excellence of the Understanding

ing then, by the glorious remainders of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the Building, by the Magnificence of its Ruins. All those Arts, Rarities and Inventions, which vulgar Minds gaze at, the Ingenious pursue, and all admire, are but the Relicts of an Intellect defac'd with Sin and Time. We admire it now, only as Antiquaries do a piece of old Coin, for the stamp it once bore, and not for those vanishing Lineaments, and disappearing Draughts that remain upon it at present. And certainly, that must needs have been very glorious, the decays of which are so admirable. He that is Comely when Old and Decrepid, surely was very Beautiful when he was Young. An *Aristotle* was but the Rubbish of an *Adam*, and *Athens* but the Rudiments of *Paradise*.

The leading Affection of all the Passions is *Love*; the great Instrument, and Engine of Nature; the Bond and Cement of Society; the Spring and Spirit of the Universe. Love is such an Affection, as cannot so properly be said to be in the Soul, as the Soul to be in that. It is the whole Man wrapt up into one Desire; all the Powers, Vigour and Faculties of the Soul abridg'd into one Inclination: And it is of that active and restless Nature, that it must of necessity exert itself; and like the Fire, to which it has been so often compar'd, it is not a free Agent, to chuse whether it will heat or no, but it streams forth by natural Results, and unavoidable Emanations; so that it will fasten upon an Inferiour unsuitable Object, rather than none at all. The Soul may sooner leave off to subsist, than to Love; and like the Vine, it withers and dies, if it has nothing to embrace.

The Word *Liberty of Conscience* is much abus'd for Defence of it, because not well understood. Every Man may have Liberty of Conscience, to think and

judge as he pleases; The Reason is, because Conscience bounding itself within the Thoughts, is of private Concernment, and the Cognizance of these belongs only to God; but when an Opinion is publish'd, it concerns all that hear it; and the Publick being endamag'd by it, it becomes punishable by the Magistrate, to whom the Care of the Publick is Intrusted.

An Old Malefactor in his Execution at the Gallows, made no other Confession than this, " That he had very jocundly pass'd over his Life in such Courses, and that he who would not for Fifty Years Pleasure, endure half an Hours Pain, deserv'd to die a worse Death than himself." Questionless, this Man was not ignorant before that there were such things as Laws, Affizes, and Gallows; but had he consider'd, and believed the Terrors of another World, he might probably have found a fairer Passage out of this. If there was not a Minister in every Parish, you would quickly find Cause to increase the Number of Constables.

The weakness of the *Turkish* Religion appears, from its urging Obedience from the Promise of such absurd Rewards, as that after Death, they should have Palaces, Gardens, beautiful Women, with all the Luxury that could be: As if those Things that were the Occasions and Incentives of Sin in this World could be the Rewards of Holiness in the other.

The Works and Writings of learned Men may be borrowed but not their Abilities.

That Man is truly worthy of Applause that owes his Promotion to his Merit, and his Merit to himself.

A blind Man, sitting in the Chimney Corner, is pardonable enough, but sitting at the Helm he is intollerable. If Men will be ignorant and illiterate, let them be so in private and to themselves, and not set their Defects in an high Place, to make
them

them visible and conspicuous. If Owls will not be hooted at, let them keep close within the Tree, and not Perch upon the upper Boughs.

No wonder that the Doctrines of Christianity at their being first broach'd, made a strange Bustle and Disturbance in the World, which then sat easy and warm in the free enjoyment of their Lusts, ordering Matters so, that they put a Trick upon the great Rule of Vertue, the Law, and made a shift to think themselves guiltless, in spite of all their Sins; to break the Precept, and at the same time to baffle the Curse.

Truth is a great strong-Hold, barr'd and fortify'd by God and Nature, and *Diligence*, is properly the Understanding's laying Siege to it: So that as in a kind of Warfare, it must be perpetually upon the watch, observing all the Avenues and Passes to it, and accordingly making its approaches, sometimes it thinks it gains a Point, and presently again it finds itself baffled and beaten off; yet still it renews the Onset, attacks the Difficulty afresh, plants this Reasoning, and that Argument, this Consequence and that Distinction, like so many Intellectual Batteries, till at length it forces a Way and Passage into the Obstinate inclosed Truth, that so long withstood and defy'd all its Assaults.

Laborious and Vexatious are the Inquests that the Soul must make after Science: For Truth like a stately Dame will not be seen, nor shew herself at the first Visit, nor match with the Understanding upon an ordinary Courtship or Address. Long and tedious Attendances must be given, and the hardest Fatigues endured and digested: Nor did ever the most pregnant Wit in the World bring forth any thing great and lasting, or considerable, without some Pain and Travail, some Pangs and Throws before the Delivery.

Affection

Affection is still a Briber of the Judgment, and it is hard for a Man to admit a Reason against the Thing he loves, or to confess the force of an Argument against an Interest.

It is impossible for a Man engaged in any wicked way to have a clear Understanding of it, and a quiet Mind together.

It looks like an Indulgence of Nature to give us Pride, that after she had taken such wise Care to fit the Organs of the Body for our Happiness and Convenience, we might be deliver'd from the Trouble of knowing our own Imperfections.

Pride hath a greater share than Goodness in the Reproofs we give other People for their Faults; and we chide them not so much with a Design to mend them, as to make them believe that we our selves are not guilty of them.

We promise in proportion to our Hopes, and we hope in proportion to our Fears.

Interest speaks and acts all sorts of Parts; nay, even that of a Man that hath no regard at all to Interest.

If we had no Defects of our own, we should not take half so much Satisfaction in observing those of other People.

A Proud Man can never be a loser, no not even then when he renounces his Pride.

Philosophy finds it an easie Matter to vanquish past and future Evils, but the present are commonly too hard for it.

No Body is so weak, but he is strong enough to bear the Misfortunes that he does not feel.

Moderation is a Fear of falling into that Envy and Contempt, which those who grow giddy with their own good Fortune, most justly draw upon themselves: It is a kind of Boasting the greatness of our Mind; and in short, the Moderation of Men in the most exalted Fortunes, is a Desire to be thought

thought *above* those Things that have rais'd them so high.

What some People take for Vertue, is frequently nothing else but the Concurrence of several Actions, and several Aims ; which either their own Industry or Fortune for them contrives to bring together : And we are all much mistaken, if we think that Men are always Stout from a Principle of Valour, or Women Chaste from a Principle of Modesty.

When a Man has travel'd never so far, and discover'd never so much in the *World of Self-Love*, yet still the *Terra incognita* will take up a considerable part of the Map.

The common way to do ones Business, and rise in the World, is to use all possible Means of Persuading People that our Business is done already.

Every Body complains of the want of Memory, but you will never find any one to complain of the weakness of his Judgment.

Old Folks love mightily to give good Advice, because this makes them some sort of Amends, for being incapable now of setting Ill Examples.

Men and Actions are like Objects of Sight, and have their nice Points of being distinctly discern'd. Some you must come very near to, to judge of them exactly, and others are better seen at a greater distance.

The resistance we make to our *Passions*, is owing to their *Weakness* more than our *Strength*.

The being a *Blockhead* is sometimes the best security against being impos'd upon by a Man of *Wit*.

Men become ridiculous, not so much for the Qualities they have, as those they would be thought to have, when they really have them not.

As great *Wits* have a peculiar Faculty of saying a great deal in a little, so half witted Fellows have a Talent of *Talking much*, and yet saying *Nothing*.

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We are beholding to Nature for *Worth* and *Parts*, but it is to Fortune that we owe the Opportunities of exerting them.

It is easier for a Man to be thought fit for an Employment which he hath not, than for one that he stands already possess'd of, and is his proper Post.

Such ever was, and will be the Temper of the generality of Mankind, that while I send Men for Pleasure to Religion, I cannot but expect, that they will look upon me, as only having a mind to be Pleasant with them my self. Nor are Men to be worded into new Tempers and Constitutions; and he that thinks, that any one can persuade, but he that made the World, will find that he does not well understand it. *Epist. Ded. to the E. of Clarendon*, before his Sermon at Court upon, *Her ways are ways of Pleasantness*.

*The Description of the Pleasure belonging to
a good Conscience.*

IT is such a Pleasure as never fatiates or wearies. It properly affects the Spirit, and a Spirit feels no Weariness as being privileged from the Causes of it. It will not drop, but pour in Oyl upon a wounded Heart; and is there any Pleasure comparable to that which springs from hence? The Pleasure of Conscience is not only greater than all other Pleasures, but may also serve instead of them; for they only please and affect the Mind in *Transitu*, in the pitiful narrow Compass of actual Fruition; whereas that of Conscience, entertains and feeds it a long time after with durable, lasting Reflections. It is such a Pleasure as is in no Man's Power, but only in his that has it; so that he that has the Property, may be also sure of the Perpetuity. It is not only out of the reach of an outward Violence, but even those things also that make a much closer Impression

Impression upon us, which after the irresistible Decays of Nature, have yet no Influence at all upon this. For when Age itself, which of all Things in the World will not be baffled or defy'd, shall begin to arrest, seize, and remind us of our Mortality, by Pains, Aches, Deadness of Limbs, and Dulness of Senses, yet then the Pleasure of the Mind shall be in its full Youth, Vigour, and Freshness. A Palsie may as well shake an Oak, or a Feaver dry up a Fountain, as either of them shake, dry up, or impair the Delight of Conscience. For it lives within, it centers in the Heart, it grows into the very Substance of the Soul, so that it accompanies a Man to his Grave; he never out-lives it, and that for this Cause only, because he cannot out-live himself.

The Pleasure of the Epicure compar'd with it.

HOW short of this are the Delights of the *Epicure*? How vastly disproportionate are the Pleasures of the *eating* and the *thinking* Man? Indeed, as different as the Silence of an *Archimedes* in the study of a *Problem*, and the stillness of a Sow at her Wash. Do not the Pleasures of a Voluptuous Man expire while they satisfy; and after a few Minutes Refreshment, determine in loathing and uneasiness? How short is the interval between a Pleasure and a Burthen? How undiscernable the Transition from one to the other? Pleasure dwells no longer upon the Appetite, than the Necessities of Nature, which are quickly and easily provided for; and then all that follows is a Load and Oppression. Every Morsel to a satisfy'd Hunger, is only a new Labour to a tir'd Digestion; every Draught to him that has quench'd his Thirst, is but a further quenching of Nature; a Provision for

Rheum and Diseases, a drowning of the quickness and activity of the Spirits.

He that prolongs his Meals, and sacrifices his time, as well as his other Conveniencies, to his Luxury, how quickly does he out-fit his Pleasure? And then how is all the following Time bestow'd upon Ceremony and Surfeit? Till at length, after a long Fatigue of eating and drinking, and babling, he concludes the great Work of Dining genteely, and so makes a shift to rise from Table, that he may lie down upon his Bed; where, after he has slept himself into some use of himself, by much a do, he staggers to his Table again, and there acts over the same Brutish Scene. So that he that passes his whole Life in a dozed Condition, between Sleeping and Waking, with a kind of Drowziness and Confusion upon his Senses; which what Pleasure it can be is hard to conceive: All that is of it dwells upon the Tip of his Tongue, and within the compass of his Palate; a worthy Prize for a Man to purchase with the loss of his Time, his Reason, and Himself.

Run over the whole Circle of all Earthly Pleasures, and I dare affirm, That had not God secur'd a Man a solid Pleasure from his own Actions, after he had roled from one to another, and enjoy'd them all, he would be forc'd to complain, that either they were not indeed Pleasures, or that Pleasure was not Satisfaction.

Popish Discipline ridicul'd.

IF the ways of *Religion* are ways of *Pleasantness*, than such as are not ways of *Pleasantness*, are not truly and properly ways of *Religion*; upon which ground it is easie to see what Judgment is to be pass'd upon all those affected, uncommanded, abjur'd Austerities so much priz'd, and exercis'd by
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some of the *Romish* Profession. Pilgrimages, going barefoot ; Hair, Shirts and Whips, with other such Gospel Artillery, are their only Helps to Devotion : Things never enjoyn'd, either by the Prophets under the *Jewish*, or by the Apostles under the *Christian* Oeconomy ; who yet surely understood the proper, and the most efficacious Instruments of Piety, as well as any Confessor or Fryar of all the Order of *St. Francis*, or any Casuist whatsoever. It seems that with them, a Man sometimes cannot be a Penitent, unless he also turns Vagabond, and foots it to *Jerusalem*, or wanders over this, or that Part of the World, to visit the Shrine of such, or such a pretended Saint, though perhaps, in his Life, ten times more ridiculous than themselves : Thus, that which was *Cain's Curse*, is become their Religion. *He that thinks to expiate a Sin by going barefoot, only makes one Folly the Atonement for another.* *Paul* indeed was scourg'd and beaten by the *Jews*, but we never read that he beat or scourg'd himself. And if they think, that his keeping under of his Body imports so much, they must first prove, That the Body cannot be kept under by a Vertuous Mind, and that the Mind cannot be made Vertuous but by a Scourge ; and consequently, That *Thongs* and *Whip-Cord* are means of Grace, and things necessary to Salvation. The truth is, if Men's Religion lies no deeper than their Skin, it is possible that they may scourge themselves into very great Improvements. But they will find that bodily Exercise touches not the Soul ; and that neither Pride, nor Lust, nor Covetousness, nor any other Vice was ever mortify'd by Corporal Discipline ? 'Tis not the Back, but the Heart must bleed for Sin ; and consequently, that in this whole Course they are like Men out of their way, let them lash on never so fast, they are not at all the nearer their Journeys end. And howsoever they deceive them-

selves and others, they may as well expect to bring a Cart, as a Soul to Heaven by this Means.

To exhort Men to be Religious, is only in other Words, to exhort them to take their Pleasure. A Pleasure, high, rational, and angelical: A Pleasure embased with no appendant sting, no consequent Loathing, no Remorse or bitter Farewells; but such an one, as being Honey in the Mouth, never turns to Gall or Gravel in the Belly. A Pleasure made for the Soul, and the Soul for that, suitable to its Spirituality, and equal to all its Capacities. Such an one as grows fresher upon Enjoyment, and though continually fed upon, yet is never devour'd. A Pleasure that a Man may call as properly his own, as his Soul and his Conscience, neither liable to Accident, nor expos'd to Injury. It is the Fore-taste of Heaven, as the Earnest of Eternity. In a Word, it is such an one, as being begun in Grace, passes into Glory, Blessedness and Immortality, and those Pleasures, *that neither Eye has seen, nor Ear heard, nor has it enter'd into the Heart of Man to conceive.*

The Creation of Man.

AS it is reasonable to imagine, That there is more of Design, and consequently more of Perfection in the last Work, we have God here giving his last stroke, and summing up all into *Man*; the Whole into a Part, the Universe into an Individual: So that whereas in other Creatures we have but the Trace of his Footsteps, in Man we have the Draught of his Hand. In him were united all the scatter'd Perfections of the Creature; all the Graces and Ornaments, all the Airs and Features of Being were abridg'd into this small, yet full System of Nature and Divinity, as we might well imagine that the great Artificer would be more than ordinarily exact in drawing his own Picture.

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*The State of Adam's Understanding before
the Fall.*

HIS Understanding was then sublime, clear and aspiring; and, as it were, the Soul's upper Region, lofty and serene, free from the Vapours and Disturbances of the inferior Affections. It was the leading, controuling Faculty; all the Passions wore the Colours of Reason; it did not so much persuade, as command; it was not Consul but Dictator. Discourse was then almost as quick as Intuition; it was nimble in proposing, firm in concluding; it could sooner determine than now it can dispute. Like the Sun it had both Light and Agility: It knew no Rest but in Motion, no Quiet but in Activity. It did not so properly apprehend as irradiate the Object. Not so much find as make Things intelligible. It did arbitrate upon the several Reports of Sense and all the Varieties of Imagination: Not like a drowsy Judge only Hearing, but also Directing their Verdict. In Sum, it was vege, quick and lively; open as the Day, untainted as the Morning, full of the Innocence and Sprightliness of Youth. It gave the Soul a bright and a full View into all Things; and was not only a Window, but itself the Prospect. Briefly, There is as much Difference between the clear Representations of the Understanding then, and the obscure Discoveries it makes now, as there is between the Prospect of a Casement, and of a Key-Hole.

The State of his Will before the Fall.

THE Will was then ductile and pliant to all the Motions of right Reason; it met the Dictates of a clarify'd Understanding half way; and the active Informations of the Intellect filling the passive Reception

ception of the Will, like *Form* closing with *Matter*, grew actuate into a Third, and distinct Perfection of Practice. The Understanding of the Will never disagreed, for the Proposals of the one never thwarted the Inclinations of the other. Yet neither did the Will servilely attend upon the Understanding, but as a Favourite does upon his Prince, where the Service is Privilege and Preferment: Or as *Solomon's* Servants waited upon him, it admired its Wisdom, and heard its prudent Dictates and Counsels, both the Direction and the Reward of its Obedience. It is indeed the Nature of this Faculty to follow a superiour Guide, to be drawn by the Intellect; but then it was drawn as a Triumphant Chariot, which at the same time both *follows* and *triumphs*; while it obey'd this, it commanded the other Faculties. It was subordinate, not enslav'd to the Understanding: Not as a Servant to a Master, but as a Queen to her King, who both acknowledges a *Subjection*, and yet retains a *Majesty*.

The State of his Passions before the Fall.

AS to that of *Anger*, if we may bring it under this Head. This also as unruly now it is, yet then it vented itself by the Measures of Reason. There was no such thing as the Transports of Malice, or the Violences of Revenge; no rendring Evil for Evil, when *Evil* was truly a *Non-entity*, and no where to be found. Anger then was like the Sword of Justice, keen, but innocent and righteous; it always espous'd God's Honour, and never kindled upon any thing but in order to Sacrifice. It sparkled like the Coal upon the Altar, with the Fervours of Piety, the Heats of Devotion, the Salutes and Vibrations of a harmless Activity. In the next Place for the lightsome Passion of *Joy*: It was not that which now usurps this Name; that trivial vanishing

vanishing, superficial Thing that only aids the Apprehension, and plays upon the Surface of the Soul. It was not the mere crackling of Thorns, a sudden blaze of the Spirits, the exultation of a tickled Fancy, or a pleas'd Appetite. Joy was then a Masculine, and a severe Thing; the Recreation of the Judgment, the *Jubilee* of Reason. It was the result of a real Good, suitably apply'd. It commenc'd upon the solidities of Truth, and the substance of Fruition. It did not run out in Voice or indecent Eruptions, but fill'd the Soul, as God does the Universe, silently and without Noise. It was refreshing, but compos'd; like the pleasantness of Youth temper'd with the gravity of Age, or the Mirth of a Festival manag'd with the Silence of Contemplation.

On the other side, for *Sorrow*. Had any Loss or Disaster made room but for Grief, it would have moved according to the severe Allowances of Prudence, and the Proportions of the Provocation. It would not have sallied out into Complaint or Loudness, nor spread itself upon the Face, and writ sad Stories upon the Forehead. No wringing of the Hands, knocking the Breast, or wishing ones self unborn; all which are but the Ceremonies of Sorrow, the Pomp and Ostentation of an effeminate Grief; which speaks not so much the greatness of the Misery, as the smallness of the Mind. Tears may spoil the Eyes, but not wash away the Affliction. Sighs may exhaust the Man, but not eject the Burthen. Sorrow then would have been as silent as Thought, as severe as Philosophy: It would have rested in inward Senses, tacit dislikes; and the whole Scene of it been transacted in sad and silent Reflections.

As for the Affection of *Fear*; it was then the Instrument of Caution, not of Anxiety; a Guard, and not a Torment to the Breast that had it. It is now indeed an Unhappiness, the Disease of the Soul:

Soul : It flies from a Shadow, and makes more Dangers than it avoids. It weakens the Judgment, and betrays the Succours of Reason ; so hard is it to tremble and not to Err, and to hit the Mark with a shaking Hand. Then it fixed upon him who is only to be feared, God ; and yet with a Filial Fear, which at the same Time both Fear's and Love's. It was Awe without Amazement ; Dread without Distraction. Then, was there a Beauty even in this very Paleness. It was the Colour of Devotion, giving a Lustre to Reverence, and a Gloss to Humility.

The State of fallen Man.

TAKE the Picture of a Man in the greenness and vivacity of his Youth, and in the latter Date and declensions of his drooping Years, and you will scarce know it to belong to the same Person : There would be more Art than there is to Draw. The same, and greater is the difference between Man Innocent and Fallen. He is as it were a new kind of Species : The Plague of Sin has even alter'd his Nature, and eaten into his very Essentials. The Image of God is wiped away, the Creatures have shook off his Yoke, renounc'd his Sovereignty, and revolted from his Dominion. Distempers and Diseases have shatter'd the excellent Frame of his Body, and by a new Dispensation, *Immortality is swallow'd up of Mortality*. The same Disaster and Decay also has invaded his Spirituals : The Passions rebel, every Faculty would Usurp and Rule ; and there are so many Governours, that there can be no Government. The Light within us is become Darkness, and the Understanding, that should be Eyes to the blind Faculty of the Wills, is blind itself, and so brings all the Inconveniencies, that attend a blind Follower, under the Conduct of a blind Guide. A

A poison'd Reason, an infected Judgment, is Christ's greatest Enemy; and an Errour in the Judgment, is like an Imposthume in the Head, which is always Noisome and frequently Mortal.

It is hard to maintain the Truth, but much harder to be maintain'd by it: Could it ever yet feed, cloath, or defend its Assertors? Did ever any Man quench his Thirst, or satisfy his Hunger with a Potion? Did ever any one live upon Propositions? The Testimony of *Brutus* concerning Vertue, is the Apprehension of most concerning Truth: That it is a *Name*, but *Lives* and *Estates* are *Things*, and therefore not to be thrown away upon *Words*.

Let Christ and Truth say what they will, if Interest will have it, *Gain* must be *Godliness*. If Enthusiasm is in request, Learning must be inconsistent with Grace. If Pay grows short, the University Maintenance must be too great. Rather than *Pilate* will be counted *Cæsar's* Enemy, he will pronounce Christ Innocent one Hour, and condemn him the next.

What *Paul* and the rest planted by their Preaching, they water'd with their Blood.

He does not deny Christ by flying, who therefore flies that he may not deny him.

He that throws himself upon the Sword, runs to Heaven before he is sent for; where, though Christ may in Mercy receive the *Man*, yet he will be sure to disown the *Martyr*.

A Description of the last Judgment, to such as are denyed of Christ.

TO be denyed of Christ, is a compendious Expression of Hell, an eternity of Torments compriz'd in a Word: It is Condemnation itself; and what is most of all, it is Condemnation from the Mouth of a Saviour. O the inexpressible Hor-

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ror that will seize upon a poor Sinner, when he shall stand arraigned at the Bar of Divine Justice ! When he shall look about and see his Accuser, his Judge, the Witnesses, all of them his remorseless Adversaries : The Law impleading Mercy, the Gospel upbraiding him, the Devil his grand Accuser, drawing his Indictment, numbring his Sins with the greatest exactness, and aggravating them with the cruelest Bitterness ; and Conscience, like a thousand Witnesses, attesting every Article, flying in his Face, and rending his very Heart. And then after all, Christ, from whom only Mercy could be expected, owning the Accusation. It will be Hell enough to hear the Sentence, the very Promulgation of the Punishment, will be part of the Punishment, and anticipate the Execution. If *Peter* was abashed when Christ gave him a look after his Denial ; if there was so much Dread in his Looks when he stood as a Prisoner, how much greater will it be when he sits as a Judge ? If it was so fearful when he look'd his Denyer into Repentance, what will it be when he shall look him into Destruction ? Believe it, when we shall hear an *Accusation* from an *Advocate*, our eternal *Doom* from our *Intercessor*, it will convince us, that a denial of Christ is something more than a few transitory Words : What trembling, what outcries, what astonishment will there be upon the pronouncing this Sentence ! Every Word will come upon the Sinner, like an Arrow striking through his Reins, like Thunder that is heard, and consumes at the same Instant : Yea, it will be a Denial with Scorn, with taunting Exprobations ; and to be Miserable without Commiseration, is the height of Misery. He that falls below Pity can fall no lower. And for those whom Christ has denied, it will be in vain to appeal to the Father, unless we can imagine, That

That those whom *Mercy* has condemn'd, *Justice* will absolve.

If ever it was seasonable to preach Courage in the despis'd abus'd Cause of Christ, it is now; when his Truths are reformed into nothing, when the Hands and Hearts of his faithful Ministers are weaken'd, and even broke, and his *Worship* extirpated in Mockery, that his Honour may be advanced.

Because the Apostles and Primitive Christians preach'd in Houses, and had only private Meetings, in regard they were under Persecution, and had no Churches; this cannot warrant the Practice of those, now a Days, nor a Toleration of them, that prefer Houses before Churches, and a Conventicle before the Congregation.

The Analogy between the Political and Ecclesiastical State of the Nation.

THese two Interests are of that Nature, that 'tis to be feared, they cannot be divided, but they will also prove Opposite, and not resting in a bare Diversity, quickly rise into a Contrariety. These Two are to the State, what the Elements of Fire and Water are to the Body, which united compose, separated destroy it. I am not of the *Papist's* Opinion, who would make the Spiritual above the Civil State, in Power as well as Dignity, but rather subject to the Civil; yet thus much I dare affirm, That the Civil, which is Superiour, is upheld and kept in Being by the Ecclesiastical and Inferiour, as it is in a Building, where the upper Part is supported by the lower; the Church resembling the Foundation, which indeed is the lowest part, but the most Considerable.

New Lights, sudden impulses of the Spirit, extraordinary Calls, will be but weak Arguments to prove any Thing but the madness of those that use them:

and that the Church must needs wither, being *blast-
ed* by such Inspirations.

The Works and Writings of learned Men may be borrowed, but not their Abilities; had indeed the Old *Levitical* Hierarchy still continu'd; in which it was part of the Ministerial Office to slay the Sacrifices, to cleanse the Vessels, to scour the Flesh-Forks to sweep the Temple, and carry the Filth and Rubbish to the Brook *Kidron*, no Persons living (*meaning the Teachers among the Sectaries*) had been fitter for the Ministry, and to serve in this Nature at the Altar: But since it is made a Labour of the Mind, to inform Men's Judgments, and move their Affections, to resolve difficult Places of Scripture, to decide and clear off Controversies: I cannot see how to be a Butcher, or a Scavenger, or any other such Trade, does at all qualifie or prepare Men for this Work.

Thus Divinity (*speaking of the same illiterate Fellows*) has been brought in upon the Ruins of Humanity, by forcing the Words of the Scripture from the Sense, and then *haling* them to the worst of Drudgeries, to set a *Jus Divinum* upon Ignorance and Imperfection, and recommend natural Weakness for supernatural Grace.

How easie and natural it is for Contempt to pass from the Person to the Office, from him that speaks to the Thing that he speaks of, Experience proves. Counsel being seldom valued so much for the Truth of the Thing, as the Credit of him that gives it; which we may believe upon *Solomon's* Word, who was Rich as well as Wise, and therefore knew the Force of both Riches and Wisdom: And probably, had it not been for his Riches, the Queen of *Sheba* would never have come so far, only to have heard his Wisdom. Observe her Behaviour when she came: Though upon the hearing of *Solomon's* Wisdom, and the Resolution of her hard Questions, she

she expressed a just Admiration ; yet when *Solomon* afterward shew'd her his Palace, his Treasure, and the Temple which he had built, *1 King. x. 5.* It is said, *there was no more Spirit in her.* What was the Cause of this ? Certainly the Magnificence, the Pomp and Splendour of such a Structure ; it struck her into an Extacy beyond his Wise Answers. She esteem'd this as much above his Wisdom, as Astonishment is beyond bare Admiration. She admir'd his Wisdom, but she ador'd his Magnificence. So apt is the Mind, even of wise Persons, to be surprized with the Superficies, or Circumstance of Things ; and Value, or undervalue Spirituals, according to the manner of their External Appearance. When Circumstances fail, the Substance seldom long survives : Cloaths are no part of the Body, yet take away Cloaths, and the Body will die.

'Tis not the Truth of an Assertion, but the Skill of the Disputant that keeps off a Baffle ; not the Justice of a Cause, but the Valour of the Soldiers that must win the Field. When a learned *Paul* was converted, and undertook the Ministry, it stopp'd the Mouths of those that said, *None but poor weak Fishermen preach'd Christianity ;* and so his Learning silenc'd the Scandal, as well as strengthen'd the Church. Religion plac'd in a Soul of exquisite Knowledge and Abilities, as in a Castle, finds not only Habitation, but Defence.

Solomon built his Temple with the *tallest Cedars*, and surely when God refused the *defective* and the *maimed* for Sacrifice, we cannot think that he requires them for the *Priesthood*. When *Learning*, *Abilities*, and what is excellent in the World forsakes the Church, we may easily foretel its Ruin without the Gift of Prophecy. And when *Ignorance* succeeds in the Place of *Learning*, *Weakness* in the room of *Judgment*, we may be sure *Heresy* and

and Confusion will quickly come in the Room of Religion. For undoubtedly there is no Way so effectual to betray the Truth, as to procure it a weak Defender.

Have not our *Princes* as well as our *Priests* been of the lowest of the People? Have not *Coblers, Draymen, Mechanics* govern'd, as well as preach'd? Nay, have not they by *preaching* come to govern.

Jeroboam laid the Foundation of his Government in destroying, tho' doubtless he colour'd it with the Name of Reforming God's Worship: But see the Issue. Consider him cursed by God, maintaining his *usurped Title*, by continual, Vexatious Wars against the Kings of *Judah*; smote in his *Posterity*, which was made like Dung upon the Face of the Earth, as low and vile as those *Priests* whom he had employ'd. Consider him branded and made odious to after Ages; and now when his Kingdom and Glory was at an End, and he and his *Posterity* rotting under Ground, and his Name stinking above it, judge what a worthy Prize he made in getting of a *Kingdom*, by destroying the *Church*.

Every Soul that a Bishop gains is a new Accession to the Extent of his Power; he preaches his Jurisdiction wider, and enlarges his spiritual Diocese, as he enlarges Men's Apprehensions.

The Difference between discharging the Office of a Romish and Church of England's Bishop.

THE teaching Part indeed of a *Romish* Bishop, is easy enough, whose grand Business is only to teach Men to be ignorant, to instruct them how to know nothing, or which is all one, to know upon trust, to believe implicitly, and in a Word, to see with other Mens Eyes, till they come to be lost in their own Souls. But our Religion is a Religion that dares to be understood; that offers it self to the
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search of the Inquisitive, to the Inspection of the Se-
 verest and most awaken'd Reason: For being secure
 of her substantial Truth and Purity; she knows that
 for her to be seen and look'd into, is to be embrac'd
 and admir'd. As there needs no greater Argument for
 Men to love the Light than to see it: It needs
 no Legends, no Service in an unknown Tongue,
 no Inquisition against Scripture, no purging out
 the Heart and Sense of Authors, no altering or
 bribing the Voice of Antiquity to speak for it; it
 needs none of all these laborious Artifices of ig-
 norance, none of all these Cloaks and Coverings.
 The *Romish* Faith indeed must be cover'd, or it
 cannot be kept warm; and their Clergy deal with
 their *Religion* as with a great *Crime*; if it is *disco-*
ver'd, they are *undone*. But there is no Bishop of
 the Church of *England*, but accounts it his Interest,
 as well as his Duty to comply with the Precept of
 the Apostle *Paul* to *Titus*, *These things teach and ex-*
hort.

Teaching is not a flow of Words, nor the drain-
 ing of an Hour-glass, but an effectual procuring,
 that a Man comes to know something which he
 knew not before, or to know it better.

It is not for a Magistrate to frown upon and
 brow-beat those who are hearty, and exact in the
 Management of their Ministry; and with a grave
 insignificant Nod, to call a well regulated and re-
 solv'd Zeal, want of *Prudence and Moderation*. Such
 discouraging of Men in the Ways of an active Con-
 formity to the Church Rules, is that which will
 crack the Sinews of Government, for it weakens
 the Hands and damps the Spirits of the Obedient.
 And if only Scorn and Rebuke shall attend Men
 for asserting the Church's Dignity, and *Taxing the*
Murther of Kings, and the like, many will chuse ra-
 ther to neglect their Duty safely and creditably,
 than to get a broken Pate in the Church's Service,
 only

only to be rewarded with that which shall break their Hearts too.

If a Bishop has no other Defensatives but Excommunication, no other Power but that of the *Keys*, he may for any notable effect that he is like to do upon the Factious and Contumacious, surrender up his *Pastoral Staff*, shut up the *Church*, and put those *Keys* under the Door.

He that thinks a Man to the Ground, will quickly endeavour to lay him there; for while he despises him, he arraigns and condemns him in his Heart; and the After-bitterness and Cruelties of his Practices are but the Executioners of the Sentence passed before upon him by his Judgment. Contempt, like the Planet *Saturn*, has first an ill Aspect, and then a destroying Influence.

He that makes his Prince despised and undervalu'd, blows a Trumpet against him in Mens Breasts, beats him out of his Subjects Hearts, and fights him out of their Affections; and after this he may easily strip him of his other Garrisons, having already dispossest'd him of his strongest, by dismantling him of his Honour, and seizing his Reputation.

We envy not the Greatness and Lustre of the *Romish* Clergy, neither their Scarlet Gowns nor their Scarlet Sins: If our Church cannot be great, which is better, she can be humble, and content to be reform'd into as low a Condition as Men, for their own private Advantage, would have her; who wisely tell her, that it is best and safest for her to be without any Power or temporal Advantage, like the good Physician, who out of Tenderness to his Patient, lest he should hurt himself by drinking, was so kind as to rob him of his Silver-Cup.

Vertue is that which must tip the Preacher's Tongue, and the Ruler's Scepter with Authority.

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Every Vice interprets a Connivance an Approbation.

There is a kind of Respect due to the meanest Person from the greatest, for it is the mere Favour of Providence, that he who is actually the Greatest, was not the Meanest. A Man cannot cast his Respects so low, but they will rebound and return upon him. What Heaven bestows upon the Earth in kind Influences, and benign Aspects, it is paid it back again in Sacrifice, Incense, and Adoration: And surely a Great Person gets more by obliging his Inferior, than he can by disdaining him: As a Man has a greater Advantage by sowing and dressing his Ground, than he can by trampling upon it.

The Difference between the Jewish and Christian Oeconomy.

THE *Jewish* Oeconomy, we know, was brought in with Miracles, the Law was writ and confirm'd by the same Almighty Hand; the whole Universe was subservient to its Promulgation; the Signs of *Egypt* and the Red-Sea; Fire, and a Voice from Heaven; the Heights of the one and the Depths of the other; so that as it were, from the Top to the Bottom of Nature, there issued forth one Universal, united Testimony of the Divinity of the *Mosaick* Law, and Religion. And this stood in the World for the space of Two Thousand Years; till at length, in the fulness of Time, the Reason of Men ripening to such a Pitch, as to be above the Pedagogy of *Moses's* Rod, and the Discipline of Types; God thought fit to display the Substance without the Shadow, and to read the World a Lecture of an higher and more sublime Religion in Christianity. But the *Jewish* was yet in Possession, and therefore that this might so en-

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ter, as not to intrude, it was to bring its Warrant from the same Hand of Omnipotence. And for this Cause, Christ, that he might not make either a suspected or precarious Address to Mens Understanding, out-does *Moses* before he displaces him: Raises the *Dead*, and cures more *Plagues* than He brought upon *Egypt*, casts out *Devils*, and heals the *Deaf*, speaking such Words as even gave *Ears* to hear them, cures the *Blind* and the *Lame*, and makes the very *Dumb* to speak forth the Truth of his Doctrine.

Men must love the Truth before they throughly believe it, and the Gospel has then only a free Admission into the Assent of the Understanding when it brings a Passport from a rightly dispos'd Will, as being the great Faculty of Dominion that commands all, that shuts out and lets in what Objects it pleases; and in a Word, keeps the Key of the whole Soul.

*Of the Jews before the Promulgation of
Christ's Doctrine.*

ALL their Vertue and Religion lay in their Folds and their Stalls, and what was wanting in the *Innocence* the *Blood* of Lambs was to supply. The *Scribes* and *Pharisees* who were the great Doctors of the *Jewish* Church, expounded the Law no further; They accounted no Man a Murderer, but he that struck a Knife into his Brother's Heart, no Man an Adulterer but he that actually defiled his Neighbours Bed; they thought it no Injustice nor Irreligion to prosecute the severest Retaliation or Revenge, that at the same time their outward Man might be a Saint, and their inward Man a Devil; no care at all was had to curb the unruliness of Anger, or the exorbitance of Desire. Among all their Sacrifices they never sacrificed so much

much as one Lust. Bulls and Goats bled apace, but neither the violence of the one, nor the wantonness of the other ever died a Victim at any of their Altars.

It is clear that want of Evidence could not be the Cause that the *Jews* rejected and disbelieved the *Gospel*, since they embraced and believed the *Law*, upon the Credit of those Miracles that were *less evident*: For those of *Christ* they knew by *Sight* and *Sense*, those of *Moses* only by *Tradition*, which tho' equally *certain*, yet were by no Means equally *evident with the other*.

Charity and Liberality is a Paradox to the Covetous. The Doctrine that teaches Alms, and the Persons that need them, are, by such, equally sent packing. Tell a Miser of Bounty to a Friend, or Mercy to the Poor, and point him out his Duty with an Evidence as bright and piercing as the Light, yet he will not understand it, but shuts his Eyes as close as he does his Hands, and resolves not to be convinc'd.

Who in old Time were the Men of extraordinary Revelations, but those who were also Men of extraordinary Piety? Who were made privy to the Secrets of Heaven, and the hidden Will of the Almighty, but such as perform'd his revealed Will at an higher Rate of Strictness than the rest of the World? They were the *Enochs*, the *Abrahams*, the *Elijahs*, and the *Daniels*, such as the Scripture remarkably testify's of, that *they walked with God*. And surely he that walks with another, is in a likelier Way to know, and understand his Mind, than he that follows him at a distance.

Diligence is the great Harbinger of Truth, which rarely takes up in any Mind, till that has gone before and made room for it. It is a steady, constant and pertinacious Study, that naturally leads the Soul into the Knowledge of that, which at first

seem'd lock'd up from it: For this keeps the Understanding long in Converse with an Object, and long Converse brings Acquaintance.

As Diligence is the great Discoverer of Truth, so is the Will the great Spring of Diligence. For no Man can heartily search after that which he is not very desirous to find. Diligence is to the Understanding, as the Whetstone to the Razor; but the Will is the Hand that must apply the one to the other.

Affection is still a Briber of the Judgment, and it is hard for a Man to admit a Reason against the thing he loves, or to confess the Force of an Argument against Interest.

Where Diligence opens the Door of the Understanding, and impartially keeps it, Truth is sure to find both an Entrance and a welcome too.

It is impossible for a Man engag'd in any wicked Way, to have a clear understanding of it, and a quiet Mind in it together.

He that's a good Man, is three Quarters of the Way towards the being a good Christian, where-soever he lives, or whatsoever he is called.

The Knowledge of the great and profound Truths of Religion, is a Knowledge that Men are not so much to study, as to live themselves into. A Knowledge that passes into the Head through the Heart.

In Morals as well as in Metaphysics there is nothing really good, but has a *Truth* commensurate to its *Goodness*.

Where a long course of Piety and close Communion with God has purged the Heart, and rectified the Will, and made all Things ready for the Reception of God's Spirit: Knowledge will break in upon such a Soul, like the Sun shining in its full Might, with such a victorious Light, that nothing shall be able to resist it,

The Truths of Christ crucified are the Christian's Philosophy, and a good Life is the Christian's Logic.

The meanest common Soldier that has fought often in an Army, has a truer and better Knowledge of War, than he that has read and writ whole Volumes of it, but never was in any Battel.

Practical Sciences are not to be learnt but in the way of Action.

Part of a Preface to a Sermon preach'd at the Consecration of a Chapel, in 1667.

AFTER the happy Expiration of those Times, which had reformed so many Churches to the Ground, and in which Men us'd to express their Honour to God, and their Allegiance to their Prince the same Way, demolishing the Palaces of the one, and the Temples of the other: It is now our Glory and Felicity, that God has changed Mens Tempers with the Times, and made a Spirit of building succeed a Spirit of pulling down, by a miraculous Revolution, reducing many from the head of a triumphant Rebellion, to their old Condition of *Masons, Smiths, and Carpenters*, that in this Capacity they might repair what as *Colonels and Captains* they had ruin'd and defac'd

David, though a Man of most intimate Converse and Acquaintance with God, and one who bore a Kingly Preheminence over others, no less in point of Piety than of Majesty, after he had made such rich, such vast, and almost incredible Provision of Materials for the building of the Temple; yet because he had dipt his Hands in Blood, though but the Blood of God's Enemies, had the Glory of that Work took out of them, and was not permitted to lay a Stone in that sacred

sacred Pile ; but the whole Work was entirely reserved for *Solomon*, a Prince adorned with those Parts of Mind, and exalted by such a Concurrence of all prosperous Events to make him glorious and magnificent, as if God had made it his Business to build a *Solomon*, that *Solomon* might build him an House.

A Coal snatch'd from the Altar once fired the Nest of the Eagle, the Royal and commanding Bird ; and so has Sacrilege consumed the Families of Princes, broke Scepters and destroyed Kingdoms.

Poor *Uzzah* for but touching the Ark, though out of Care and Zeal for its Preservation, was struck dead with a Blow from Heaven : He had no Right to touch it, and therefore his very Zeal was a Sin, and his Care an Usurpation, nor could the Purpose of his Heart excuse the Error of his Hand.

A Commander in the Parliaments Rebel Army, coming to rifle and deface the Cathedral at *Litchfield*, solemnly at the Head of his Troops, begged of God to shew some remarkable Token of his Approbation or dislike of the Work they were going about : Immediately after which, looking out at a Window, he was shot in the Forehead by a deaf and dumb Man ; and this was on St. *Shadd's* Day, the Name of which Saint that Church bore, being dedicated to God in Memory of the same. Where we see that as he ask'd of God a *Sign*, so God gave him one, signing him in the Forehead, and that with such a Mark, as he is like to be known by to all Posterity.

Many have gaped at the Church Revenues, but before they could swallow them, have had their Mouths stop'd in the Church-Yard.

Consecration makes not a Place sacred, any more than Coronation makes a King, but only solemnly declares it so. It is the Gift of the Owner of it to God, which makes it to be solely God's, and consequently

requently sacred; after which, every Violation of it, is as really Sacrilege, as to conspire against the King is Treason, before the Solemnity of his Coronation.

God's peculiar Property in all sacred Things or Places, is an abundantly pregnant Reason of that different Respect that he bears to them: For is not the *Meum*, and the separate Property of every Thing, the great Cause of Endearment amongst all Mankind? Does any one respect a Common, as much as he does his Garden? Or the Gold that lies in the Bowels of the Mine, as much as that which he has in his Purse.

Churches are naturally apt to excite a greater Reverence and Devotion in the Discharge of Divine Service, than Places of common use. The Place properly reminds a Man of the Business of the Place, and strikes a kind of Awe into the Thoughts, when they reflect upon that great and sacred Majesty they use to treat and converse with there. They find the same holy Consternation upon themselves, that *Jacob* did at his consecrated *Bethel*, which he called the Gate of Heaven: And if such Places are so, then surely a daily Expectation at the Gate, is the readiest way to gain Admittance into the House.

If little Impulses set the great Wheels of Devotion at work, the Largeness and Height of that shall not at all be prejudiced by the Smallness of its Occasion. If the Fire burns bright and vigorously, it is no matter by what Means it was at first kindled; there is the same Force, and the same refreshing Vertue in it, kindled by a Spark from the Flint, as if it were kindled by a Beam from the Sun.

God prefers the Service offer'd him in the *Sanctuary*, because there he usually vouchsafes more Helps to the piously dispos'd Person, for the Discharge of it: As we value the same kind of Fruit growing under one Climate more than under another; because under

der one it has a directer, and warmer Influence from the Sun, than under the other, which gives it both a better favour and a greater worth.

The Hollanders Religion.

THEIR very Religion smelt of the Shop; and their ruder and coarser Methods of Divine Service seemed only adapted to the Genius of Trade, and the Designs of Parsimony: Though one wou'd think that Parsimony, in God's Worship, were the worst Husbandry in the World, for fear God shou'd Proportion his Blessings to such Devotions.

It was part of *Abraham's* Sacrifice, not only *what* he should offer, but *where*. When we serve God in his own House, his Service (as I may say) leads all other secular Affairs in Triumph after it. They are all made to stoop and bend the Knee to Prayer, as that does to the Throne of Grace.

That eminent Hero in Religion *Daniel*, when in the Land of his Captivity, he used to pay his daily Devotions to God, not being able to go to the Temple, would at least look towards it; advance to it in Wish and Desire; and so, in a Manner bring the Temple to his Prayers, when he could not bring his Prayers to that.

Of God's Omniscience.

IT is a Light shining in every dark Corner, ripping up all Secrets, and stedfastly grasping the greatest and most slippery Uncertainties: As when we see the Sun shine upon a River, though the Waves of it move and roll this way and that way by the Wind, yet for all their Unsetledness, the Sun strikes them with a direct and certain Beam.

God executes necessarily that which he purposed freely. If we allow God to be the Governor of the World, we cannot but grant that he orders and disposes of all inferior Events: And if we allow him to be a wise, and a rational Governor, he cannot but direct them to a certain End.

How much of Casualty was there in the Preservation of *Romulus*, as soon as born exposed by his Uncle, and took up and nourish'd by a Shepherd (for the Story of the Wolf is a Fable) and yet, in that one Accident, was laid the Foundation of the fourth Universal Monarchy.

Who that had look'd upon *Agathocles* handling the Clay, and making Pots under his Father, and afterwards turning Robber, could have thought, that from such a Condition, he should come to be King of *Sicily*? Who that had seen *Massianello* a poor Fisherman with his red Cap, and his Angle, could have reckon'd it possible to see such a pitiful Thing, within a Week after shining in his Cloth of Gold, and with a Word, or Nod, absolutely commanding the whole City of *Naples*? And who that had beheld such a Bankrupt, beggarly Fellow, as *Cromwell's* first entering the Parliament House, with a Thread-bare, torn Cloak, and a greasy Hat, (and perhaps neither of them paid for) could have suspected that in the space of so few Years, he should, by the Murder of one King, and the Banishment of another, ascend the Throne, be invested in the Royal Robes, and want nothing of the State of a King, but the changing of his Hat into a Crown?

When Providence designs strange and mighty Changes; it gives Men Wings instead of Legs; and instead of climbing leisurely, makes them at once fly to the Top and Height of Greatness and Power. So that the World about them (looking up to those Illustrious Upstarts) scarce knows *who*,

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or whence they were, nor they themselves where they are.

If *Ahab* be design'd for Death, tho' a Soldier in the Enemies Army draws a Bow at a Venture, yet the sure unerring Directions of Providence shall carry it in a direct Course to his Heart, and there lodge the Revenge of Heaven.

God has many Ways to reap down the Grandees of the Earth; an Arrow, a Bullet, a Tile, or a Stone from an House is enough to do it: And besides all these Ways sometimes, when he intends to bereave the World of a Prince, or an illustrious Person, he may cast him upon a bold self-opinioned Physician, worse than his Distemper, who shall dose and bleed, and kill him *secundum Artem*, and make a shift to cure him into his Grave.

The Person that (being provok'd by excessive Pain) thrust his Dagger into his Body, and thereby, instead of reaching his Vitals, open'd an Imposthume, the unknown Cause of all his Pain, and so stabb'd himself into perfect Health and Ease, surely had great Reason to acknowledge Chance for his Chirurgeon, and Providence for the Guider of his Hand.

Sometimes a lucky Saying or a pertinent Reply has procur'd an Esteem of Wit to Persons otherwise very shallow, and no ways accusom'd to utter such Things by any standing Ability of Mind; so that if such an one should have the ill Hap at any Time to strike a Man dead with a smart Saying, it ought in all Reason and Conscience, to be judg'd but a *Chance-medly*, the poor Man (God knows) being no way guilty of any Design of Wit.

Though Wit and Learning are certain and habitual Perfections of the Mind, yet the Declaration of them (which alone brings the Repute) is subject to a thousand Hazards. So that every Wit runs the same Risk with the Astrologer, who if
his

his Predictions come to pass, is cry'd up to the Stars, from whence he pretends to draw them; but if not, the Astrologer himself grows more out of Date than his Almanack.

One Man perhaps proves miserable in the Study of the Law, who might have flourish'd in that of Physick or Divinity; another run's his Head against the Pulpit, who might have been very serviceable to his Country at the Plough; and a third proves a very dull and heavy Philosopher, who possibly would have made a good Mechanick, and have done well enough at the *useful Philosophy* of the Spade or Anvil,

We find it once said of an eminent Cardinal, by reason of his great and apparent Likelihood to step into St. Peter's Chair, that in two Conclaves he went in Pope, and came out again Cardinal.

Whosoever that Man was, that said, he had rather have a Grain of Fortune, than a Pound of Wisdom, as to the Things of this Life, spoke nothing but the Voice of Wisdom and great Experience.

The Sun shines in his full Brightness, but the very Moment before he passes under a thick Cloud. Who knows what a Day, what an Hour, nay, what a Minute may bring forth? He who builds upon the Present, builds upon the narrow Compass of a Point, and where the Foundation is *so narrow*, the Superstructure cannot be high and strong too.

Possibilities are as infinite as God's Power, and whatsoever may come to pass, no Man can certainly conclude shall not come to pass.

No Man can rationally account himself secure, unless he could command all the Chances of the World: But how should he command them that cannot so much as number them.

Of those many Millions of Casualties which we are not aware of, there is hardly one but God can make an Instrument of our Deliverance; and most Men who are at length deliver'd from any great Distress, indeed find that they are so, by Ways that they never thought of; Ways above, or beside their Imagination.

The Wisdom of this World defin'd.

IT is taken in Scripture for such a Wisdom as lies in Practice, and goes commonly by the Name of Policy, and consists in a certain Dexterity or Art of managing Business for a Man's secular Advantage; In a Word it is a kind of Trick or Slight, got not by Study but Converse, learned not from Books but Men; and those also for the most part the very worst of Men of all Sorts, Ways and Professions; so that if it be in Truth such a precious Jewel, as the World take it for, yet as precious as it is, we see that they are forc'd to rake it out of Dunghills.

Why called Foolishness with God.

BECAUSE a Man by it proposes to himself an End wholly unsuitable to his Condition, as bearing no Proportion to the Measure of his Duration, or the Vastness of his Desires; since nothing can make a Man happy but that which shall last as long as he lasts, and the *Wisdom of this World* looks no farther than *this World*, and all its Designs and Efficacy terminate on this side Heaven, all its Enjoyments being much too short for an Immortal Soul to stretch it self upon, which shall exist, not only when Profit, Pleasure and Honour, but when time itself shall cease, and be no more.

Of Dissimulation.

Dissimulation is taken for a Man's positive professing himself to be what indeed he is not, and what he resolves not to be; and consequently it employs all the Art and industry imaginable to make good the Disguise, and by false Appearances to render its Designs the less visible, that so they may prove the more effectual. And this is the very Ground-work of all Policy; the Superstructure of which being *Folly*, it is but Reason that the Foundation of it should be *Falsity*.

There are Knights of the Post, and Holy Cheats enough in the World, to swear the Truth of the broadest Contradictions and the highest Impossibilities, where Interest and *pious Frauds* shall give them an extraordinary Call to it.

We commonly say that *it is Prudence to dissemble Injuries*, that is not always to declare our Resentments of them; and this must be allow'd not only lawful, but in most of the Affairs of humane Life, absolutely necessary: For certainly it can be no Man's Duty to write his Heart upon his Forehead, and to give all the inquisitive and malicious World round about him a survey of those Thoughts, which it is the Prerogative of God only to know, and his own great Interest to conceal. Nature gives every one a Right to defend himself, and Silence surely is a very innocent Defence.

Let none wonder that Irreligion is accounted Policy, when it grows even to a Fashion, and passes for *Wit* with some, as well as for *Wisdom* with others. For certain it is, that *Advantage* now sits in the room of *Conscience*, and steers all; and no Man is esteem'd any ways considerable for Policy, who wears Religion otherwise than as a *Cloak*, that
is,

is, as such a Garment as may both *cover* and *keep* him warm, and yet hang *loose* upon him too.

The Character of a Politician.

HIS Essence lies in this, that he is a Person ready to do any thing that he apprehends for his Advantage: That he puts himself into a State of Liberty as free and as large as his Principles, and so provides Elbow-room enough for his Conscience to lay about, and have its full play in. To die or suffer for his Country is not only exploded by him as a great Paradox in Politicks, and fitter for Poets to sing of, than for wise Men to practice, but also to make himself so much as one Penny the poorer, or to forbear one base Gain to serve his Prince, to secure a whole Nation or to credit a Church, is judg'd by him a great want of Experience, and a Piece of romantick Melancholy, unbecoming a Politician who is still to look upon Himself as his Prince, his Country, his Church, nay, and his God too. The general Interest of the Nation is nothing to him, but only that Portion of it that he either does or would possess; 'tis not the Rain that waters the whole Earth, but that which falls into his own Cistern that must relieve him, not the Common, but the Enclosure that must make him rich: Let the Publick sink or swim, so long as he can hold up his Head above Water: Let the Ship be cast away, if he may but have the Benefit of the wreck: Let the Government be ruin'd by his Avarice, if by the same Avarice he can scrape together so much as to make his Peace and maintain him as well under another: Let Foreigners invade and spoil the Land, so long as he has a good Estate in *Bank* elsewhere. Peradventure for all this Men may curse him as a covetous Wretch, a Traytor, and a Villain; but such Words are to be look'd

upon

upon only as the splendid Declaimings of *Novices*, and *Men of Heat*, who while they rail at his Person, perhaps Envy his Fortune: Or possibly of Losers and Malecontents, whose Portion and Inheritance is a Freedom to speak. But a Politician must be above Words. Wealth he knows answers all, and if it brings a Storm upon him, will provide him also a Coat to weather it out. He looks upon Friendship, Gratitude and Sense of Honour, as Terms of Art to amuse and impose upon weak undesigning Minds. For an Enemy's Money, he thinks may be made as good a Friend as any; and *Gratitude* looks backward, but *Policy* forward: And for Sense of Honour, if it impoverishes a Man, it is in his Esteem neither *Honour* nor *Sense*. If a poor old decay'd Friend or Relation, whose Purse, whose House and Heart had been formerly free, and open to such an one, shall at length upon Change of Fortune, come to him with Hunger and Rags, pleading his past Services, and his present Wants, and so crave some Relief of one, for the Merit and Memory of the other; the *Politician* who imitates the *Serpent's Wisdom*, must turn his deaf Ear too, to all the insignificant *Charms* of Gratitude and Honour in behalf of such a bankrupt, undone Friend, who having been already used, and now squeeze'd dry, is fit only to be cast aside. He must abhor Gratitude as a worse kind of Witchcraft, which only serves to conjure up the pale, meagre Ghosts of dead forgotten Kindnesses, to haunt and trouble him, still respecting what is past: Whereas such wise Men as himself in such Cases, account all that is *past* to be also *gone*, and know that there can be no gain in refunding, nor any Profit in paying Debts. The sole Measure of all his Courtesies is, what Return they will make him, and what Revenues they will bring him in. His Expectations govern his Charity; and we must not vouch any Man for an exact Master in the Rules

Rules of our Modern Policy, but such an one as has brought himself so far to hate and despise the Absurdity of being kind upon Free-cost, as (to use a known Expression) not so much as to tell a Friend, *What it is a Clock for nothing.*

There is a great Cheat or Lie which over-spreads the World, while all Things here below beguile Men's Expectations, and their Expectations cheat their Experience.

Haman wanted nothing to complete his Greatness, but a Gallows upon which to hang *Mordecai*; but it matter'd not for whom he provided the Gallows, when Providence designed the *Rope* for him.

Diffimulation can be of no further use to a Man, than just to guard him within the Compass of his own personal Concerns; which yet may be more easily, and not less effectually done, by that Silence and Reservedness that every Man may innocently practise, without the putting on of any contrary Disguise.

When the Hand finds itself well warmed and covered, let it refuse the Trouble of feeding the Mouth, or guarding the Head, and then we shall see how it will fare with the Hand.

It is no Man's Duty to be safe, or to be rich; but I am sure it is the Duty of every one to make good his Trust: And it is a Calamity to a whole Nation, that any Man should have a Place or an Employment more large and publick than his Spirit.

Those who slight and disoblige their Friends, shall infallibly come to know the Value of them, by having none when they shall most need them.

That Prince that maintains the Reputation of a true, fast, generous Friend, has an Army always ready to fight for him, maintained to his Hand without Pay.

There is a noted Story of *Heſtor* and *Ajax*, who having combated one another, ended that Combat in

in a Reconcilement by mutual Presents: *Hector* giving *Ajax* a Sword, and *Ajax* presenting *Hector* with a *Belt*: The Consequence of which, was, That *Ajax* slew himself with the *Sword* given him by *Hector*, and *Hector* was *dragged* about the Walls of *Troy* by the *Belt* given him by *Ajax*: Such are the Gifts, such the killing Kindnesses of *reconciled Enemies*.

God's Acceptance of a Willing Mind.

IN all Transactions between God and Man, wheresoever there is a full Resolution, Drift, and Purpose of *Will* to please God; there, what a Man *can do*, shall by Vertue thereof be accepted, and what he *cannot do*, shall not be required.

The Plea of a *good Intention* emboldened the worst of Men to wade through the Blood of the best of Kings, and the loyalest of Subjects; namely, that in all that risk of Villany, their Hearts, forsooth, *were right towards God*; and that all their Plunder and Rapine was for nothing else, but to *place Christ on his Throne*, and to establish among us *the Power of Godliness*, and the *Purity of the Gospel*, by a further *Reformation* (as the Cant goes) of a Church, which had but too much felt the *Meaning of that Word* before.

If it were possible for a Man to *intend well* while he *does ill*, yet no such *Intention*, though never so good, can make that Man steal, lie, or murder, with a *good Conscience*; or convert a wicked Action into a good.

The bare bending of the Bow will not hit the Mark, without shooting the Arrow; and Men are not called to *will*, but to work out their Salvation.

In Point of Action, the *Will* is virtually the whole Man, as containing in it all *that*, which by Vertue of his other Faculties he is able to do: Just as the Spring of a Watch, is virtually the whole Motion

Streets; that is, in other Words, That they must starve and die *ex officio*, and being turned out of their Churches, take Possession only of the Church-Yard, as so many Victims to the remorseless Rage of a foul, ill-bred Tyrant, professing Piety without so much as common Humanity: I say, when Rage and Persecution, Cruelty and *Cromwellism*, were at that diabolical Pitch, tyrannizing over every Thing that look'd like Loyalty, Conscience and Conformity, so that he who took not their *Engagement*, could not take any thing else though it were given him; being thereby debar'd from the common Benefit of the Law, in suing for, or recovering of his Right, in any of their Courts of Justice (all of them still following the Motion of the *High* one) yet even then, and under that dismal State of Things, there were many Thousands who never bowed the Knee to *Baal-Cromwel*, *Baal-Covenant*, or *Baal-Engagement*.

The old try'd Church of *England* Royalists were the Men, who in the darkest and foulest Days of Persecution that ever befel *England*, never pleaded the *Will* in Excuse of the *Deed*, but proved the Integrity and Loyalty of their Wills, both by their Deeds, and their Sufferings too.

It is wonderful to consider how a Command or a Call to be liberal, either upon a civil or a religious Account, all of a sudden, impoverishes the Rich, breaks the Merchant, shuts up every private Man's Exchequer, and makes those Men in a Minute have nothing at all to *give*, who at the very same Instant want nothing to *spend*; so that instead of relieving the Poor, such a Command strangely increases their Numbers, and transforms rich Men into Beggars presently.

Never pretend that thou hast an Heart to *pray*, while thou hast no Heart to *give*; since he that serves Mammon with his Estate, cannot possibly
serve

erve God with his Heart: For as in the Heathen Worship of God, *a Sacrifice without an Heart*, was accounted *ominous*; so in the Christian Worship of Him, an Heart without a Sacrifice is worthless and impertinent.

Thy Superfluities must give place to thy Neighbours great Convenience. Thy Convenience must yield to thy Neighbour's Necessity: And lastly, Thy very Necessities must yield to thy Neighbour's Extremity.

It is not the best Husbandry in the World to be damned to save Charges.

Nature gives no Man a Mouth to be *always eating*, and never *saying Grace*; nor an Head only to *grasp*, and to *receive*, but as it is furnish'd with Teeth for the one, so it should have a Tongue also for the other; and the Hands that are so often reach'd out to take, and to accept, should be sometimes lifted up also to bless.

A Persuasive Incitement to Gratitude.

IF you consider the Universe as one Body, you shall find Society and Conversation to supply the Office of the Blood and Spirits, and it is Gratitude that makes them *circulate*. Look over the whole Creation, and you shall see, that the Band or Cement that holds together all the Parts of this great and glorious Fabrick, is Gratitude or something like. You may observe it in all the Elements; For does not the Air feed the Flame? And does not the Flame at the same time warm and enlighten the Air? Is not the Sea always sending forth as well as taking in? And does not the Earth quit Scores with all the Elements, in the noble Fruits and Productions that issue from it? And in all the Light and Influence that the Heavens bestow upon this lower World, though the lower World cannot equal their Bene-

Benefaction, yet with a kind of grateful Return, it *reflects* those Rays that it cannot *recompense*; so that there is some *Return* however, though there can be no *Requital*. He who has a Soul wholly void of Gratitude, should do well to set his Soul to learn of his Body; for all the Parts of *that* minister to one another. The Hands and all the other Limbs labour to bring in Food and Provision to the Stomach; and the Stomach returns what it has received from them, in Strength and Nutriment, diffused into all the Parts and Members of the Body. In short, Gratitude is the great Spring that sets all the Wheels of Nature a going; and the whole Universe is supported, by Giving and Returning; by Commerce and Communication.

Ingratitude is a Vice, into which all Kindnesses and good Turns fall, as into a dead Sea. No Man ever goes sharer with the ungrateful Person; be he never so full, he never runs over: But like *Gideon's Fleece*, though filled and replenished with the Dew of Heaven himself, yet he leaves all dry and empty about him. In a word, *Ingratitude is too base to return a Kindness, and too proud to regard it*: Much like the Tops of Mountains, *barren* indeed, but yet *lofty*; they produce nothing, they feed no body, they cloath no body, yet are high and stately, and look down upon all the World about them.

Ingratitude indeed put the Ponyard into *Brutus's* Hand, but it was want of Compassion that thrust it into *Cæsar's* Heart.

The ungrateful Person is a Monster, which is all Throat and Belly; a kind of Thorow-Fair or Common-Shore for the good Things of the World to pass into; and of whom in respect of all Kindnesses conferred on him, may be verified that Observation of the *Lyon's-Den*, before which appear'd the Footsteps of many that had gone in thither, but no Prints of any that ever came out thence. He is the
only

only thing in Nature for which no body living is the better.

The Thread that Nature spins, is seldom broken off by any thing but Death.

There may be Vertue indeed, and yet no Grace; but Grace is never without Vertue, and therefore though Gratitude does not *infer Grace*, it is certain that Ingratitude does exclude it.

The Shocks of an Earthquake are much more dreadful, than the highest and loudest Blusters of a Storm: For there may be some Shelter against the Violence of the one, but no Security against the *Hollowness* of the other, which never opens it Bottom, but for a killing Embrace: The *Bowels* of the Earth in such Cases, and the *Mercies* of the False in all, being equally without Compassion.

The Definition of a Lie.

A Lie is properly an outward Signification of something contrary to, or at least beside the inward Sense of the Mind; so that when one Thing is signified or express'd, the same Thing is not meant or intended, and the Nature of it consists in its being a false Signification knowingly and voluntarily used. It is properly a sort or Species of *Injustice*, and a Violation of the Right of that Person, to whom the false Speech is directed.

The *Wages* that Sin bargains with the Sinner to serve it for, are *Life, Pleasure, and Profit*; but the Wages it pays him with, are *Death, Torment, and Destruction*. He that would understand the Falshood and Deceit of Sin thoroughly, must compare its *Promises* and its Payments together.

So far as Truth gets Ground in the World, so far Sin loses it. Christ saves the World by undeceiving it, and sanctifies the Will, by first enlightning the Understanding.

Sorrow

Sorrow being the natural Effect of Sin, that which first brought Sin into the World, must by necessary Consequence bring in Sorrow too.

No sad Disaster ever yet befel any Person or People, nor any Villany or flagitious Action was ever yet committed, but upon a due Enquiry into the Causes of it, it will be found, That a Lie was first or last the principal Engine to effect it: And that whether *Pride*, *Lust* or *Cruelty* brought it forth, it was *Falsbood* that begot it; this gave it a *Being*, whatsoever other Vice might give it Birth.

The Character of a Liar.

HE that has to do with a Liar, knows not where he is, nor what he does, nor with whom he deals. He walks upon Bogs and Whirlpools; where-soever he treads he sinks, and converses with a bottomless Pit, where it is impossible for him to fix, or to be at any Certainty. In fine, he catches at an Apple of *Sodom*, which though it may entertain his Eye, with a florid, jolly, *white* and *red*; yet upon the Touch, it shall fill his Hand only with Stench and Foulness: Fair in Look, and rotten at Heart, as the gayest and most taking Things in the World generally are.

A Lie is like a Vizard that may cover the Face indeed, but can never become it; nor yet does it cover it so, but that it bears it open enough for Shame. It brands a Man with a lasting indelible Character of Ignominy and Reproach; and that indeed so foul and odious, that those usurping He-ctors, who pretend to Honour without Religion, think the Charge of a Lie a Blot upon them not to be wash'd out, but by the Blood of him that gives it.

In the Charge of Ingratitude, *omnia dixeris*. It is one great Blot upon all Mortality. It is all in a Word

Word. It says *Amen* to the black Roll of Sins. It gives Completion and Confirmation to them all.

When a Man is besotted in Sin, and has lost his Reason, what can there be for Religion to take hold of him by?

There is none who acts a Friend by a Deputy, or can be familiar by Proxy.

If we justly look upon a Proneness to find Faults, as a very ill and a mean Thing, we are to remember, that a Proneness to *believe them* is next to it.

Charity commands us where we know no ill, to think well of all: But *Friendship*, that always goes a pitch higher, gives a Man a peculiar *Right* and *Claim* to the good Opinion of his Friend.

It is a true and happy Observation of that great Philosopher the Lord *Verulam*, that this is the Benefit of Communication of our Minds to others, That *Sorrows by being communicated grow less, and Joys greater*: And indeed Sorrow like a Stream, loses itself in many Channels; and Joy like a Ray of the Sun, reflects with a greater Ardour, and Quickness, when it rebounds upon a Man from the Breast of his Friend.

Whosoever has Christ for his Friend, shall be sure of Counsel, and whosoever is his own Friend will be sure to obey it.

Friendship is of a Noble make, and a lasting Consistency; it resembles Marble, and deserves to be wrote upon it.

God knows our Thoughts before the very Heart that conceives them. And how then can he, who is but of Yesterday, suggest any Thing New unto that Eternal Mind! How can Ignorance inform Omniscience!

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of

Of Prayer.

HOW often are Beggars relieved only for their eager and rude Importunity ; not that the Person who relieves them, is thereby inform'd, or satisfy'd of their real Want, nor yet mov'd to pity them by all their Cry and Cant, but to rid himself from their Vexatious Noise and Ding ; so that to purchase his Quiet by a little Alms, he *gratifies* the Beggar, but indeed *relieves* himself. But this way is very far from prevailing with God, for as Omniscience is not to be informed, so neither is Omnipotence to be wearied. We may much more easily think to Clamour the Sun and Stars out of their Courses, than to Word the great Creator of them out of the steady Purposes of his own Will, by all the Vehemence and Loudness of our Petitions. Men may tire themselves with their own Prayers, but God is not to be tired. The rapid Motion and Whirl of Things here below, interrupts not the inviolable Rest and Calmness of the Nobler Beings above, while the Winds roar and bluster in the First and Second Regions of the Air, there is a perfect Serenity in the Third. Men's Desires cannot controul God's Decrees.

He who prays for a Thing, as God has appointed him, gets thereby a right to the Thing prayed for. But it is a Right not springing from any Merit or Condignity, either in the Prayer itself, or the Person who makes it, to the *Blessing* he prays for ; but from God's Veracity, Truth, and Justice, who having appointed Prayer as the *Condition* of that *Blessing*, cannot but stand to what he himself has appointed ; though that he did appoint it, was the free Result and Determination of his own Will.

In whatsoever Degree any one lays aside his *Reverence* of God, in the same he also quits his *Dependence*

dance upon him. Forasmuch as in every irreverent Act a Man treats God, as if he had no need of him, and behaves himself as if he stood upon his own Bottom, absolute and self-sufficient.

David directing his Prayer to God, says, in Psalm 19. 14. *Let the Words of my Mouth, and the Meditations of my Heart, be acceptable in thy Sight, O Lord.* So that it seems, his Prayer adequately and entirely consisted of those Two Things, *Meditation* and *Expression*, as it were the *Matter* and *Form* of that Noble Composure. There being no mention at all of distortion of Face, sanctified Grimace, solemn Wink, or foaming at the Mouth, and the like ; all which are Circumstances of Prayer of a later Date, and brought into Request by those fantastick Zealots, who had a way of Praying as astonishing to the *Eyes*, as to the *Ears* of those that heard them.

He who is to Pray, would he seriously judge of the Work that is before him, has more to consider of, than either his Heart can hold, or his Head well turn itself to. Prayer is one of the greatest, and the hardest Works that a Man has to do in this World ; and was ever any thing difficult or glorious, achieved by a sudden cast of a Thought ? A flying stricture of the Imagination ? *Presence* of Mind is indeed good, but *Haste* is not so. And therefore, let this be concluded upon, That in the Business of Prayer, to pretend to Reverence, when there is no Premeditation, is both Impudence and Contradiction.

First, Consider with thy self how great and glorious a Being that must needs be, that raised so vast and beautiful a Fabrick, as this of the World out of nothing, with the Breath of his Mouth, and can, and will, with the same, reduce it to nothing again ; and then consider, that this is that high,

amazing, incomprehensible Being, whom thou addressdest thy pityful self to in Prayer.

Consider next, his infinite allsearching Knowledge, which looks through and through the most secret of our Thoughts, ransacks every Corner of the Heart, ponders the most inward Designs and Ends of the Soul in all a Man's Actions. And then consider, that this is the God whom thou hast to deal with in Prayer; the God who observes the Postures, the Frame, and Motion of thy Mind, in all thy Approaches to Him, and whose piercing Eye it is impossible to elude, or escape, by all the Tricks and Arts of the subtlest, and most refined Hypocrisie. And lastly, Consider the great, the fiery, and the implacable Jealousy that He has for His Honour, and that he has no other Use of the whole Creation, but to serve the Ends of it; and above all, that he will, in a most peculiar manner, *be honoured of those who draw near unto him*, and will by no Means suffer himself to be mocked and affronted, under a pretence of being worshipped; nor endure that a wretched, contemptible, sinful Creature, who is but a piece of living Dirt at best, should at the same time *bend the Knee to him, and spit in his Face*. And now consider, that this is the God whom thou prayest to, and whom thou usest with such intollerable Indignity, in every unworthy Prayer thou puttest up to him; every bold, saucy and familiar Word, that (upon Confidence of being one of *God's Elect*) thou presumest to debase so great a Majesty with. And for an Instance of the dreadful Curse that attends such a daring Irreverence, consider how God used *Nadab and Abihu*, for venturing to offer *strange Fire before him*; and then know, every unhallow'd, unfitting Prayer, is a *strange Fire*; a Fire that will be sure to destroy the *Offering*, though Mercy should spare the *Offerer*. Consider these Things seriously, deeply, and severely.

ly, till the Consideration of them affects thy Heart and humbles thy Spirit, with such awful Apprehensions of thy Maker, and such Abject Reflections upon thy self as may lay thee in the Dust before him. And know, that the lower thou fallest the higher will thy Prayer rebound, and that thou art never so fit to pray to God as when a Sense of thy own unworthyness makes thee ashamed even to speak to him.

Though God does not command us to set off our Prayers with Dress and Artifice, to flourish it in Trope and Metaphor, to beg our daily Bread in blank Verse, or to shew any thing of the *Poet* in our Devotions; but *Indigence* and *Want*: I say, though God is far from requiring such things of us in our Prayers, yet he requires that we should manage them with Sense and Reason; *Fineness* is not expected, but *Decency* is; and though we cannot declaim as *Orators*, yet He will have us speak like *Men*, and render Him the Results of that Understanding and Judgment, that essentially constitute a rational Nature.

We have liv'd in an Age that has despis'd, contradicted, and counter-acted all the Principles and Practices of the Primitive Christians, in taking the Measures of their Duty both to God and Man, and of their Behaviour both in Matters Civil and Religious; but in nothing more scandalously, than in their vile Abuse of the great Duty of Prayer, concerning which, though it may with the clearest Truth be affirmed, That there has been no Church yet of any Account in the Christian World, but what has govern'd its publick Worship of God by a Litany, or set Form of Prayer; yet these Enthusiastick Innovators, the bold and blind Reformers of all Antiquity, and wiser than the whole Catholick Church besides, introduc'd in the room of it, a saucy, senseless, extemporary Way of speaking to God,

God, affirming that this was *praying by the Spirit* and that the Use of all set Forms was *stinting of the Spirit*; a Pretence, I confess, popular and plausible enough with such Idiots, as take the sound of Words for the Sense of them.

To *pray by the Spirit*, signifies neither more nor less, but to pray knowingly, heartily, and affectionately, for such things and in such a Manner, as the Holy Ghost in Scripture, either commands or allows of. As for any other kind of *praying by the Spirit*, upon the best Inquiry that I can make into these Matters, I can find none. And if some say (as I know they both impudently and blasphemously do) that to *pray by the Spirit*, is to have the Spirit immediately inspiring them, and by such Inspiration speaking within them, and so dictating their Prayers to them, let them either produce plain Scripture or a Miracle to prove this by: But till then, he who shall consider what kind of Prayers these Pretenders to *the Spirit* have been notable for, will find that they have as little Cause to father their Prayers as their Practices upon the Spirit of God.

This way of *praying by the Spirit* (as they call it) was begun, and first brought into use here in *England*, in *Queen Elizabeth's Days*, by a Popish Priest, and Dominican Fryar, one *Faithful Cummin* by Name, who counterfeiting himself a Protestant, and a Zealot of the highest Form, set up this new spiritual Way of Praying, with a Design to bring the People first to a Contempt, and from thence to an utter Hatred and Disuse of our Common-Prayer, which he still reviled as only a Translation of the Mass; thereby to distract Mens Minds, and to divide our Church; and this he did with such Success, that we have liv'd to see the Effects of his Labours in the utter Subversion of Church and State. Which Hellish Negotiation, when this malicious Hypocrite came to *Rome* to give the *Pope* an Account of, he receiv'd

receiv'd of him (as so notable a Service well deserved) besides a *Thousand Thanks*, *two thousand Ducats* for his Pains.

In the neighbour Nation of *Scotland*, one of the greatest Monsters of Men (*Major John Weyer, see Ravillac Redevivus*) that, I believe, ever liv'd, and actually in League with the Devil, was yet by the Confession of all that heard him, the most excellent at this *extempore* way of *Praying by the Spirit* of any Man in his Time, none was able to come near him or to compare with him. But surely now he who shall venture to ascribe the Prayers of such a Wretch made up of *Adulteries, Incest, Witchcraft,* and other Villanies not to be nam'd, to the *Spirit of God*, may as well strike in with the *Pharisees*, and ascribe the Miracles of Christ to the Devil.

As for a *set Form of Prayer* in which the Words are ready prepar'd to our Hands, the Soul has nothing to do but to attend to the Work of raising the Affections and the Devotions to go along with those Words; so that all the Powers of the Soul are took up in applying the Heart to this great Duty, and it is the Exercise of the Heart (as has been already shewn) that is truly and properly a *Praying by the Spirit*; On the contrary, in all *Extempore-Prayers*, the Powers and Faculties of the Soul are call'd off from dealing with the Heart and the Affections, and that both in the Speaker and in the Hearer, both in him who makes, and in him who is to joyn in such Prayers.

There are two Things I confess, that are extremely *hinder'd* and *stinted* by a *set Form of Prayer*, and equally *further'd* and *enlarged* by the *Extempore* way; which, without all doubt, is the true Cause, why the former is so much decried, and the latter so much extolled by the Men, whom we are now pleading with. The first of which is *Pride* and *Ornamentation*, the other *Faction* and *Sedition*.

I believe it would put even *Lucifer* to a Stand to out-vye the Pride of one of those Fellows pouring out his *Extempore* stuff amongst his ignorant, whining, factious Followers, listning to, and applauding his Copious Flow and Cant, with the ridiculous Accents of their impertinent Groans : And the truth is, *Extempore* Prayer, even when best, and most dextrously performed, is nothing else, but a Business of Invention and Wit, (such as it is) and requires no more to it, but a teeming Imagination, a bold Front, and a ready Expression, and deserves much the same Commendation, (were it not in a Matter too *serious* to be *sudden* upon) which is due to *Extempore* Verse ; only with this difference, that there is necessary to these latter, a competent Measure of Wit and Learning, whereas the former may be done with very little Wit, and no Learning at all.

Certainly the extemporizing Faculty is never more out of his Element, than in the Pulpit : Tho' even here, it is much more excusable in a Sermon, than in a Prayer, forasmuch as in that, a Man addresses himself but to Men ; Men like himself, whom he may therefore make bold with, as no doubt, for so doing, they will also make bold with him. Besides, the peculiar Advantage attending all such sudden Conceptions, that as they are quickly born, so they quickly dye. It being seldom known, where the Speaker has so very *fluent* an *Invention*, but the Hearer also has the Gift of as *fluent* a *Memory*.

Let all their *Extempore* Harangues be consider'd, and duly weighed, and you shall find a Spirit of Pride, Faction and Sedition predominant in them all. The only *Spirit*, which those Impostors do really and indeed *pray by*, and therefore they ought by all Means to be exploded, and cast out of every Sober, and well order'd Church, or they will fling the Church out of Doors.

Of Brevity of Expression in the great Act of Prayer.

Certainly the greatest, and the wisest Conceptions that ever issued from the Mind of Man, have been couched under, and deliver'd in a few close, home, and significant Words. But to derive the Credit of this way of speaking much higher, and from an Example infinitely greater, than the greatest human Wisdom, was it not authorized, and ennobled by God himself in his making of the World? Was not the Work of all the Six Days transacted in so many Words? There was no Circumlocution or Amplification in the Case. God said, *Let there be Light, and there was Light. Let there be an Earth, a Sea, and a Firmament, and there was so.* Heaven, Earth, and all the Host of both, (as it were) dropt from his Mouth, and Nature itself was but the Product of a Word; a Word not design'd to express, but to constitute and give a Being; and not so much the Representation, as the Cause of what it signified.

It is the work of Fancy to *enlarge*, but of Judgment to *shorten* and *contract*, and therefore this must be as far above the other, as Judgment is a greater and nobler Faculty than Fancy or Imagination.

If *Brevity* be the highest Excellency and Perfection of Speech, in all other Things, can we assign any true solid Reason why it should not be so likewise in Prayer? Nay, is there is not rather the clearest Reasons imaginable why it should be much more so? since Addresses to an human Understanding often times need as many Words as may fill a Volume, to make it Understand the Truth of one Line; Whereas, Prayer is an Address to that Eternal Mind, which such as rationally invoke, intend not to inform.

The Judgment of all wise Men, concerning fewness of Words, when we appear as Suppliants before our Earthly Superiors, is that it imports these Three Things. 1. *Modesty*. 2. *Discretion*. 3. *Height of Respect to the Person address'd to*.

Modesty, is a kind of Shame or Bashfulness, proceeding from the Sense a Man has of his own Defects, compared with the Perfections of him whom he comes before. And that which is *Modesty* towards Men, is Worship and Devotion towards God. It is a Vertue that makes a Man unwilling to be seen, and fearful to be heard; and yet for that very Cause never fails to make him both seen with Favour, and heard with Attention. It loves not many Words, nor indeed needs them. For, *Modesty* addressing to any one of a generous Worth and Honour, is sure to have that Man's Honour for its Advocate, and his Generosity for its Intercessor. And, how then is it possible for such a Vertue to run into *Words*? Loquacity storms the Ear, but *Modesty* takes the Heart, that is troublesome, this gentle, but irresistible.

Discretion consists in a Care of offending; It requiring no ordinary Skill for a Man to make his Tongue run by Rules, and at the same Time to give it both its Lesson and its Liberty too. For seldom or never, is there much spoke, but something or other had better been not spoke, there being nothing that the Mind of Man is so apt to kindle, and take Distaste at, as at Words: And therefore, whensoever any one comes to prefer a Suit to another, no doubt, the fewer of them the better, since, when so very little is said, it is sure to be either candidly *accepted*, or, which is next, easily excused: But at the same time to Petition and to Provoke too, is certainly preposterous.

He that Petitions his Superior with *Height of Respect*, by so doing, confesses him better able to understand,

derstand, than he himself can be to express his own Case. He owns him as a Patron of a preventing Judgment and Goodness, and upon that Account, able not only to Answer, but also to anticipate his Requests: For, according to the most Natural Interpretation of Things, this is to ascribe to him a Sagacity so quick, and piercing, that it were Presumption to inform; and a Benignity so great, that it were needless to importune him. A short Petition to a great Man, is not only a Suit to him for his Favour, but also a Panegyrick upon his Parts.

In respect to our Addresses to God. What use can there be of Rhetorick, Harangue, or multitude of Words? For if they should be designed for Information, must it not be infinitely sottish, and unreasonable, to go about to inform him, who can be ignorant of nothing? Or to persuade him, whose unchangeable Nature makes it impossible for him to be moved, or wrought upon? Or lastly, by long and much speaking, to think to weary him out, whose Infinite Power all the Strength of Men, and Angels, and the whole World put together, is not able to encounter or stand before? So that the Truth is by Loquacity and Prolixity of Prayer, a Man does really and indeed, (whether he thinks so or no) rob God of the Honour of Three great Attributes, and neither treats him as a Person *Omni-scient*, or *Unchangeable*, or *Omnipotent*.

Where few Things are necessary to be prayed for, few Words should be sufficient. For, where the Matter is not commensurate to the Words, all speaking is but Tautology: that being truly, and really Tautology, where the same thing is repeated, tho' under never so much variety of Expression: As it is but the same Man still, though he appears every Day, or every Hour in a new and different Sute of Cloaths,

The adequate Subject of our Prayers comprehends in it, *Things of Necessity*, and *Things of Charity*. As to the first of which, I know nothing absolutely necessary, but Grace here, and Glory hereafter. And for the other, we know what the Apostle says, 1 Tim. 6. 8. *Having Food and Raiment, let us be therewith content.* Nature is satisfied with a little, and Grace with less. And now, if the Matter of our Prayers lies in so narrow a compass, why should the Dress and Out-side of them spread and diffuse itself into so wide and disproportion'd a largeness? By reason of which, our Words will hang loose and light, without any Matter to support them.

In *Athens* they circumscrib'd the Pleadings of their Orators by a strict Law, cutting off Prologues and Epilogues, and commanding them to an immediate Representation of the Case, by an impartial and succinct Declaration of Matters of Fact; and this was, indeed, to speak Things fit for a Judge to hear, because it argued the Pleader also a Judge of what was fit for him to speak.

It was the saying of *Solomon*, *a Word to the wise*; and if so, certainly there can be no necessity of many Words to him, who is Wisdom itself. For, can any Man think that God delights to hear him make Speeches, and to shew his Parts, (as the Word is) or to jumble a multitude of misapply'd Scripture Sentences together, interlarded with a frequent, nauseous Repetition of *ah Lord!* which some call *exercising their Gifts*, but with a greater exercise of their hearers Patience? Nay, does not he present his Maker not only with a more decent, but also a more free, and liberal Oblation, who renders him much in a little, and brings him his whole Heart and Soul wrapt up in three or four Words, than he who with full Mouth, and loud Lungs, sends up whole Volleys of Articulate Breath to the Throne of Grace.

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That Subject pays his Prince much nobler and more acceptable Tribute, who tenders him a Purse of Gold, then he who brings him a whole Cart-load of Farthings, in which there is Weight without Worth, and Number without Account.

It is not length nor copiousness of Language that is Devotion, any more than bulk and bigness is Valour, or *Flesh* the Measure of the *Spirit*. A short Sentence may be oftentimes a large and mighty Prayer. Devotion so manag'd being like Water in a Well, where you have fullness in a little Compass; which surely is much nobler than the same carried out into many petit creeping Rivulets, with *Length* and *Shallowness* together.

No Man begins a long Grace when he is ready to starve. Such an one's Prayers are like the Relief he needs, quick and sudden, short and immediate. He is like a Man in Torture upon the Rack; whose Pains are too acute to let his Words be many; and whose Desires of Deliverance too impatient, to delay the Things he begs for, by the Manner of his begging it.

Death makes short Work when it comes, and it will teach him who would prevent it, to make it shorter, For surely no Man who thinks himself a perishing, can be at leisure to be eloquent, or judge of either Sense or Devotion to begin a long Prayer, when in all likelihood he shall conclude his Life before it.

Doubtless had our Saviour thought fit to amplify or be prolix (*in that exact Form of Prayer prescrib'd by him*) He in whom were hid all the Treasures of Wisdom, could not want Matter; nor he who was himself the Word, want Variety of the fittest to have express his Mind by. But he chose rather to contract the whole Concern of both Worlds into a few Lines, and to unite both Heaven and Earth in his Prayer, as he had done before in his *Person*,

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Have we not in that excellent Body of Prayers contain'd in our Liturgy, a great Instance of Brevity and Fullness together, cast into several significant Collects, each containing a distinct, entire, and well manag'd Petition? The whole Sett of them being like a String of Pearls, exceeding rich in Conjunction, and therefore of no small Price or Value, even single and by themselves. Nothing could have been compos'd with greater Judgment, every Prayer being so short, that it is impossible it should weary; and withal so pertinent, that it is impossible it should cloy Devotion; and indeed so admirably fitted are they all to the common Concerns of a Christian Society, that when the Rubrick enjoyns but the Use of some of them, our Worship is not imperfect, and when we use them all there is none of them superfluous: And nothing can be more for the Honour of our Liturgy, than to find it despis'd only by those, who have made themselves remarkable to the World for despising the *Lords-Prayer* as much.

As for the *Nonconformists*, their Prayers being all *Extempore*, it is hardly possible for any, and utterly impossible for all to joyn in them: For surely People cannot joyn in a Prayer before they understand it; nor can it be imagined that all Capacities should presently and immediately understand what they hear, when possibly the *Holder-forth* himself understands not what he says.

A Lively Description of the Dissenters from the Church of England's Way of Prayer.

ARE not all their Prayers exactly after the Heathenish and Pharisaical Copy? Always notable for those two Things, Length and Tautology? Two whole Hours for one Prayer at a Fast, used to be reckon'd but a moderate Dose; and that
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for the most Part fraught with such irreverent blasphemous Expressions, that to repeat them would prophane the Place I am speaking in: And indeed, they seldom *carried on the Work of such a Day* (as their Phrase was) but they left the Church in need of a new Consecration. Add to this the Incoherence and Confusion, the endless Repetitions, and the unsufferable Nonsense, that never fail'd to hold out even with their utmost Prolixity; so that in all their long *Fasts*, from first to last, from *Seven* in the *Morning*, to *Seven* in the *Evening*, the Pulpit was always the emptiest Thing in the Church. And I never knew such a *Fast* kept by them, but their Hearers had Cause to begin a *Thanksgiving* as soon as They had done. And the Truth is, when I consider the Matter of their Prayers, so full of Ramble and Inconsequences, and in every Respect, so very like the Language of a Dream, and compare it with their Carriage of themselves in Prayer, with their *Eyes*, for the most part, shut, and their *Arms* stretch'd out in a yawning Posture; a Man that should hear any of them Pray, might, by a very pardonable Error, be induc'd to think, that he was all the Time hearing one *talking in his Sleep*, besides the strange Vertue which their Prayers had to procure Sleep in others too. So that he who should be present at all their long Cant, would shew a greater Ability in *Watching*, than ever they could pretend to in *Praying*, if he could forbear sleeping, having so strong a Provocation to it, and so fair an Excuse for it: In a Word, such were their Prayers both for Matter and Expression, that could any one truly and exactly write them out, it would be the shrewdest and most effectual Way of writing against them that could possibly be thought of.

Walking

Walking uprightly is walking surely.

HE who fixes upon false Principles, treads upon infirm Ground, and so sinks ; and he who fails in his deductions from right Principles, stumbles upon firm Ground, and so falls : The Disaster is not of the same kind, but of the same Mischief in both.

The Character of a Man that walks uprightly and surely.

HE acts as under the Eye of his most just and severe Judge, who reaches to his Creature a Command with one Hand, and a Reward with the other. He spends as a Person who knows he must come to a Reckoning. He sees an Eternal Happiness or Misery, suspended upon a few Days Behaviour, and therefore he lives every Hour as for Eternity. His future Condition has such a powerful Influence upon his present Practice, because he entertains a continual Apprehension, and a firm Perswasion of it. If a Man walks over a narrow Bridge when he is Drunk, it is no wonder that he forgets his Caution, while he overlooks his Danger. But he who is Sober, and views that nice separation between himself, and the devouring Deep, so that if he should slip, he sees his Grave gaping under him, surely must take every step with Horrour, and the utmost Caution and Solitude.

The reverse of that Character.

FOR a Man to believe it as the most undoubted certainty in the World, that he shall be judged according to the quality of his Actions here, and after Judgment receive an Eternal Recompence

pence ; and yet to take his swing in all the Pleasures of Sin, is it not a greater Phrenzy, than for a Man to take a Purse at *Tyburn*, while he is actually seeing another hanged for the same Fact ? It is really to dare and defie the Justice of Heaven, to laugh at right aiming *Thunder-Bolts*, to puff at Damnation, and in a Word to bid Omnipotence do its worst ? He indeed who thus walks, *walks surely*, but it is because he is *sure* to be damned.

For *Judas* to receive and swallow the Sop, when his Master gave it him, seasoned with those terrible Words, *It had been good for that Man that he had never been born*. Surely this argued a furious Appetite, and a strong Stomach, that could thus catch at a Morsel, with the Fire and Brimstone all flaming about it ; and (as it were) digest Death itself, and make a Meal of Perdition.

God has cast all his Works into a certain inviolable Order, according to which there is a time to Pardon, and a time to Punish, and the time of one is not the time of the other. When Corn has once felt the Sickle, it has no more Benefit from the Sun-shine.

Upon what ground can a Man promise himself a future Repentance, who cannot promise himself a Futurity ? Whose Life depends upon his Breath, and is so restrain'd to the present, that it cannot secure to itself the Reversion of the very next Minute. Have not many died with the guilt of Impenitence, and the designs of Repentance together ? If a Man dies to Day by the prevalence of some ill Humours, what will it avail him that he intended to have bled and purg'd to Morrow ?

It fares with Men, in reference to their future Estate, and the Condition upon which they must pass to it, much as it does with a Merchant, having a Vessel richly fraught at Sea in a Storm : The

Storm grows higher and higher, and threatens the utter loss of the Ship : But there is one, and but one certain way to save it, which is by throwing its rich lading overboard ; yet still, for all this, the Man knows not but possibly the *Storm* may cease, and so all be preserved. However, in the mean time there is little or no probability that it will do so ; and in case it should not, he is well assured that he must lay his Life, as well as his rich Commodities in the cruel Deep : Now in this Case, would this Man, think we, act rationally, should he upon the slender possibility of escaping otherwise, neglect the sure, infallible preservation of his Life, by casting away his rich Goods ? No certainly, it would be so far from it, that should the Storm by a strange hap cease immediately, after he had thus thrown away his Riches, yet the throwing them away was infinitely more rational and eligible, than the retaining or keeping them could have been.

Does any thing shine so bright as Vertue, and that even in the Eyes of those who are void of it ? For hardly shall you find any one so bad, but he desires the Credit of *being thought* what his Vice will not let *him be* ; so great a Pleasure and Convenience is it, to live with Honour and a fair Acceptance amongst those whom we converse with : And a Being without it, is no Life, but rather the *Skeleton*, or *Caput mortuum* of Life ; like Time without Day, or Day itself without the shining of the Sun to enliven it.

How Infamous is the false, fraudulent, and unconscionable Person ? And how quickly is his Character known ? For hardly ever did a Man of no Conscience, continue a Man of any Credit long. No Preferment can sweeten him, but the higher he stands, the further and wider he sinks.

The Character of a Drunkard.

FOR the *Drinker*, and debauch'd Person. 'Is any thing more the Object of Scorn and Contempt than such an one? His Company is justly look'd upon as a Disgrace, and no Body can own a Friendship for him, without being an Enemy to himself. A Drunkard is (as it were) out-law'd from all worthy and creditable Converse. Men abhor, loath, and despise him, and would even spit at him as they meet him, were it not for fear, that a Stomach so charged, should *something more* than spit at them.

The Rebel Characterized.

CAN any thing have more of Trouble, Hazard, and Anxiety in it, than the Course which the *Rebel* takes? For in the first place, all the Evils of War must be unavoidably endured, as the necessary Means and Instruments to compass, and give success to his Traiterous Designs. In which, if it is his Lot to be conquer'd, he must expect that Vengeance that justly attends a conquer'd disarm'd Villain; for when such a one is vanquish'd, *his Sins are always upon him*. But if on the contrary, he proves Victorious, he will yet find Misery enough in the distracting Cares of settling an ungrounded, odious, detestable Interest, so heartily, and so justly malign'd, abhorred, and often-times plotted against; so that in effect, he is still in *War*, though he has quitted the *Field*. The Torment of his suspicion is great, and the Courses he must take to quiet his jealous, suspicious Mind, infinitely troublesome and vexatious.

The Loyalist.

THE labour of Obedience, Loyalty and Subjection is no more, but for a Man honestly and discreetly to sit still, and to enjoy what he has under the Protection of the Laws : And when such a one is in his lowest Condition, he is yet high, and happy enough to despise and pity the most prosperous *Rebel* in the World ; even those famous ones of *Forty One* (with all due Respect to their flourishing Relations be it spoke) not excepted.

The different Effects of an Industrious and Vicious Life.

THE Husbandman returns from the Field, and from Manuring his Ground, Strong and Healthy, because Innocent and Laborious : You will find no *Diet-Drink*, no *Boxes of Pills*, nor *Galley-Pots* amongst his Provisions ; no, he neither *speaks* nor *lives French*, he is not so much a *Gentleman* (forsooth.) His Meals are coarse and short, his Employment warrantable, his Sleep certain and refreshing, neither interrupted with the Lashes of a guilty Mind, nor the Aches of a crazy Body. And when Old Age comes upon him, it comes alone, bringing no other Evil with it, but itself. But when it comes to wait upon a great and worshipful Sinner, who for many Years together has had the Reputation of *eating well*, and *doing ill* ; it comes, (as it ought to do to a Person of such Quality) attended with a long Train and Retinue, as *Rheums*, *Coughs*, *Catarhs*, and *Dropsies*, together with many painful Girds and Achings, which are at least called the *Gout*. How does such an one go about, or is carried rather, with his Body bending inward, his Head shaking, and his Eyes always watering (instead

stead of weeping) for the Sins of his ill spent Youth ? In a word, Old Age seizes upon such a Person, like Fire upon a rotten House, it was rotten before, and must have fall'n of itself, so that it is no more but one Ruin preventing another.

A Temperate, innocent use of the Creature, never cast any one into a Fever, or a Surfeit. Chastity makes no work for a Surgeon, nor ever ends in rottenness of Bones. Sin is the fruitful Parent of Distempers, and ill Lives occasion good Physicians.

The Libertine describ'd.

THESE forsooth are our Sages, and those who must pass for the only shrewd, thinking and inquisitive Men of the Age ; and such, as by a long severe, and profound Speculation of Nature, have redeem'd themselves from the Pedantry of being Conscientious, and living virtuously ; and from such Old-fashion'd Principles and Creeds, as tie up the Minds of some narrow-spirited, uncomprehensive Zealots, who know not the World, nor understand that the only is the truly wise Man, who *per fas & nefas*, gets as much as he can.

The Atheist will find, that as long as Reason keeps her ground, Religion neither can, nor will lose hers ; and for the sensual Epicure, he will also find, that there is a certain living Spark within him, which all the Drink he can pour in, will never be able to quench, or put out ; nor will his rotten abused Body have it in its Power to convey any putrifying, consuming, rotting Quality to the Soul. No, there is no Drinking, or Swearing, or Ranting, or Fluxing a Soul out of its Immortality.

Of Christ's calling his Disciples not Servants but Friends.

SEE here the ascent and progress of Christ's Love. For, if we consider Man in such a loathsome and provoking Condition, as *his fallen State*; was it not Love enough that he was spared and permitted to enjoy a Being? Since not to put a Traitor to Death is a singular Mercy. But then, not only to continue his Being, but to adorn it with Privilege, and from the Number of *Subjects* to take him into the Retinue of *Servants*, this was yet a greater Love. For, every one that may be fit to be tolerated in a Prince's Dominions, is not therefore fit to be admitted into his Family; nor is any Prince's Court to be commensurate to his Kingdom: But then further to advance him from a *Servant* to a *Friend*; from only living in his House, to lying in his Bosom: This is an Instance of Favour above the rate of a created Goodness, an Act for none but the Son of God, who came to do every Thing in *Miracle*, to love Supernaturally, and to pardon Infinitely, and even to lay down the *Sovereign*, while he assumed the *Saviour*.

He that denies himself an immediate Access to Christ, affronts him in the great Relation of a *Friend*, and as opening himself both to our Persons, and to our Wants, with the greatest *Tenderness*, and the freest Invitation.

How ready was Christ while he was yet upon Earth, to excuse and cover his Disciples Infirmities, at the last and bitterest Scene of his Life, when he was so full of Agony and Horror, upon the approach of a dismal Death, and so had most need of the Refreshments of Society, and the *friendly* assistance of his Disciples; and when also he desired no more of them, but only for a while, to sit up
and

and pray with him. Yet they, like Persons wholly untouch'd with his Agonies, and unmov'd with his Passionate Entreaties, forget both his and their own Cares, and securely sleep away all Concern for him, or themselves either. Now, what a fierce and sarcastick Reprehension may we imagine this would have drawn from the *Friendships* of the World that act but to an human pitch! And yet, what a gentle one did it receive from Christ in *Matt. 26. 40.* No more, than *what could you not watch with me for an Hour?* And when from this Admonition, they took only occasion to redouble their Fault, and to sleep again; so that, upon a second and third Admonition, they had nothing to plead for their unreasonable Drowziness; yet then Christ, who was the only Person concern'd to have repented, and aggravated this their unkindness, finds an extenuation for it when they themselves could not. *The Spirit indeed is willing, (says he) but the Flesh is weak.* As if he had said, *I know your Hearts, and am satisfied of your Affection, and therefore accept your Will, and compassionate your Weakness.* So benign, so gracious is the Friendship of Christ, so answerable to our Wants, so suitable to our Frailties. Happy that Man who has a *Friend* to point out to him the Perfection of Duty, and yet to pardon him the lapses of his Infirmary.

Where our Heart does but *relent*, *Christ's melts*; where our Eye pities, his Bowels yearn. How many Frowardnesses of ours does he smother? How many Indignities does he pass by? And, how many Affronts does he put up at our Hands, because his Love is invincible, and his Friendship unchangeable? He rates every Action, every sinful Infirmary with the allowances of Mercy; and never weighs the Sin, but together with it he weighs the force of Inducement; how much of it is to be attributed to Choice, how much to the Violence of Tempta-

Temptation, to the Stratagem of the Occasion, and the yielding Fraillties of weak Nature.

This Happiness, does Christ vouchsafe to all his, That as a *Saviour* he once suffered for them, and that as a *Friend*, he always *suffers with them*.

A Bosom-Secret and a Bosom-Friend are usually put together. And that from Christ to the Soul is not only Kindness but also Honour and Advancement; 'tis for him to vouch it one of his Privy-Council. Nothing under a Jewel is taken into the Cabinet. A Secret is the Apple of our Eye, it will bear no touch nor approach, we use to cover nothing but what we account a Rarity; and therefore to communicate a Secret to any one, is to exalt him to one of the Royalties of Heaven. For none knows the Secrets of a Man's Mind, but his God, his Conscience and his Friend. Neither would any Prudent Man let such a thing go out of his own Heart, had he not another Heart besides his own to receive it.

There are some Passages of Man's Affairs that would quite break a single Understanding. So many Intricacies, so many Labyrinths are in them, that the succours of Reason fail, the very Force and Spirit of it being lost in an actual Intention, scatter'd upon several clashing Objects at once, in which Case the interposal of a Friend, is like the supply of a fresh Party to a beleiged yeilding City.

That which lies in a Man's Bosom should be dear to him, but that which lies within his Heart should be much dearer.

Of the Guilt arising from our taking Pleasure in other Men's Sins, and committing the same.

MEN may sometimes do as well as speak Contradictions.

Nothing under a total thorough Change will suffice. Neither Tears nor Trouble of Mind, neither good

good Desires, nor Intentions; nor yet the Relinquishment of some Sins, nor the Performance of some good Works will avail any Thing, but a *new Creature*. A Word that comprehends more in it, than Words can well express, and perhaps after all that can be said of it, never thoroughly to be understood by what a Man *hears* from others; but what he must feel within himself.

Not to do Evil, is much better than the sharpest Sorrow *for having done it*; and to *do good*, is better and more valuable than both.

When a Man has found out Sin in his Actions, let him resolutely arrest it there; but let him also pursue it home to his Inclinations, and dislodge it thence, otherwise it will be all to little Purpose: For the Root being still left behind, it is odds but in Time it will shoot out again.

Penitential Sorrow must force and make its way into the very inmost Corners and Recesses of the Soul. It must shake all the Powers of Sin, producing in the Heart strong and lasting Aversions to Evil, and equal Dispositions to Good; but the putting the Finger in the Eye, and whimpering out a few melancholy Words, carry us not so far, let it express itself never so loudly and passionately, and discharge itself in never so many Showers of Tears, and Volleys of Sighs; yet by all this, it will no more purge a Man's Heart, than the washing of his Hands can cleanse the Rottenness of his Bones.

Prayer is that by which a Man engages all the Auxiliaries of Omnipotence itself against his Sin; and is so utterly contrary to, and inconsistent with it, that the same Heart cannot long hold them both, but one must soon quit Possession of it to the other; and either Praying make a Man leave off Sinning, or Sinning force him to leave off Praying.

Of Fasting.

Fasting is the Diet of Angels, the Food and Rectification of Souls, and the richest and highest Aliment of Grace. And he who fasts for the sake of Religion, *Hungers and Thirsts after Righteousness*, without a Metaphor.

Whoſoever approaches the Altar with Bowels ſo ſhut up, as to leave nothing behind him there for the Poor, ſhall be ſure to carry ſomething away with him from thence, *which will do him but little good.*

Of Reading and Meditation.

THEY are Duties of ſo near an Import to the Well-being of the Soul, that the proper Office of Reading is to *take* in its ſpiritual Food, and of Meditation to *digest* it.

The *Will* chuſes, follows and embraces Things evil and deſtructive; but it is becauſe the Underſtanding firſt tells it, That they are *good and wholeſome*, and fit to be choſen by it. One Man gives another a Cup of Poiſon; a Thing as terrible as Death; but at the ſame time he tells him, That it is a Cordial, and ſo he drinks it off and dies.

Good and Evil are in Morality as the Eaſt and Weſt are in the Frame of the World; *founded* in, and *divided* by that fix'd and unalterable Situation, which they have reſpectively in the whole Body of the Univerſe: Or as the *Right Hand* is diſcriminated from the Left, by a natural, neceſſary, and never-to-be confounded Diſtinction.

Words are the Signs and Symbols of Things; and as in Accounts Cyphers and Figures paſs for real Sums, ſo in the Courſe of Humane Affairs, Words and Names paſs for Things themſelves.

The Generality of Mankind are wholly and absolutely governed by *Words and Names*; without, nay for the most part, against the Knowledge Men have of Things: The Multitude or common Rout like a Drove of Sheep, or an Herd of Oxen, may be managed by any Noise or Cry, which their Drivers shall accustom them to.

He who will set up for a skilful Manager of the Rabble, so long as they have but Ears to hear, need never inquire whether they have any Understanding whereby to judge; but with two or three popular empty Words, such as *Popery and Superstition, Right of the Subject, Liberty of Conscience, Lord Jesus Christ*, well tuned and humour'd, may whistle them backwards and forwards, upwards and downwards till he is weary, and get up upon their Backs when he is so.

Take any Passion of the Soul of Man, while it is Predominant, and a-flout, and just in the Critical Height of it, nick it with some *lucky or unlucky* Word, and you may as certainly over-rule it to your own Purpose, as a Spark of Fire falling upon Gun-Powder will infallibly blow it up.

Many Instances might be given in which Men have much more easily pardon'd ill Things *done*, than ill Things *said* against them: Such a peculiar Rancour and Venom do they leave behind them in Mens Minds; and so much more poisonously and incurably does the Serpent bite with his *Tongue* than with his *Teeth*.

Of Flattery.

SO it is, That though Men know themselves utterly void of those Qualities and Perfections, which the impudent Sycophant, at the same Time ascribes to them, and in his Sleeve laughs at them for believing; nay, though they know that the Flatterer

himself knows the Falshood of his own Flatteries, yet they swallow the fallacious Morsel, love the Impostor, and with both Arms hug the Abuse; and that to such a Degree, that no Offices of Friendship, no real Services, shall be able to lie in the Balance against those luscious Falshoods which Flattery shall feed the Mind of a *Fool in Power* with; the Sweetness of the one, infinitely overcomes the Substance of the other.

None are or can be welcome to such as give way to Flattery, but those who speak *Paint and Wash*; for that is the Thing they love, and no wonder, since it is the Thing they need.

There are always a sort of Men in the World (whom others have an Interest to serve by) who had rather a great deal be *pleased* than be safe; Strike them under the *fifth Rib*, provided at the same Time you *kiss* them too, as *Joab* served *Abner*, and you may both destroy them, and oblige them too.

It is not always obvious to distinguish between an Act of Liberality, and an Act of Prodigality; between an Act of Courage, and an Act of Rashness; an Act of Pusillanimity, and an Act of great Modesty or Humility; and some have had the good Luck to have their very *Dulness* dignified with the Name of *Gravity*, and to be no small Gainers by the Mistake.

Nature has manifestly contrived Things so, that the *Vulgar*, and the Many, are fit only to be *bid or driven*, but by no Means fit to guide or direct themselves.

Truth scorns to be seen by Eyes too much fixed upon inferior Objects. It lies too deep to be fetch'd up with the *Plough*, and too close to be beaten out with the *Hammer*. It dwells not in Shops or Work-houses, nor, till the late Age, was it ever known, that any one served seven Years to a Smith or Taylor, that he might at the End thereof proceed Master of

any other Arts, but such as those Trades taught him; and much less that he should commence Doctor, or Divine from the Shop-board, or the Anvil; or from whistling to a Team, come to preach to a Congregation.

All Deception in the Course of Life, is indeed nothing else but a *Lie* reduced to *Practise*, and Falshood passing from *Words* into *Things*.

Is a Man unfortunate in Marriage? Still it is because he was deceived, and put his Neck into the Snare, before he put it into the Yoke, and so took that for Vertue and Affection, which was nothing but Vice in a Disguise, and a Devilish Humour under a demure Look. Is he again unhappy and calamitous in his Friendship? Why in this also, it is because he built upon the Air, and trod upon a Quick-sand, and took that for Kindness and Sincerity, which was only Malice and Design, seeking an Opportunity to ruin him effectually, and to over-turn him in all his Interests by the sure, but fatal Handle of his own good Nature and Credulity. And lastly, Is a Man betrayed, lost and blown up by such Agents and Instruments, as he employs in his greatest and nearest Concerns? Why still the Cause of it is from this, That he misplaced his Confidence, took Hypocrisy for Fidelity, and so relied upon the Services of a Pack of Villains, who designed nothing but their own Game, and to Stake him, while they played for themselves.

A blind Guide is certainly a great Mischief, but a Guide that blinds those whom he should lead, is undoubtedly a much greater.

Of Detraction.

Detraction is a killing, poisoned Arrow drawn out of the Devil's Quiver, which is always flying Abroad and doing Execution in the Dark; against

against which no Vertue is a Defence, no Innocence a Security: For as by *Flattery* a Man is usually brought to open his Bosom to his Mortal Enemy; so by *Detraction*, and a slanderous Report of Persons, he is often brought to shut the same even to his best and truest Friends. In both Cases he receives a fatal Blow, since that which lays a Man open to an Enemy, and that which strips him of a Friend, equally attacks him in all those Interests, that are capable of being weakened by the one, and supported by the other.

Good itself can do no good while it passes for Evil; and an honest Man is in effect useless, while he is accounted a Knave.

— *Evil speaking* is a Weapon forged in Hell, and formed by the prime Artificer, and Engineer of all Mischief, the Devil; and none but that God who knows all Things, and can do all Things, can protect the best of Men against it.

Of the Sense of Good and Evil.

THough Sin offers itself in never so pleasing and alluring a Dress at first, yet the Remorse and inward Regrets of the Soul upon the Commission of it, infinitely over-balance those faint and transient Gratifications it affords the Senses; so that upon the whole Matter, the Sinner, even at his highest Pitch of Enjoyment, is not pleased with it so much, but he is afflicted more. And as long as these inward Rejoys and Recoilings of the Mind continue (which they will certainly do for a considerable Part of a Man's Life) the Sinner will find his Accounts of Pleasure very poor and short, being so mixed, and indeed over-done with the contrary Impressions of Trouble upon his Mind, that it is but a bitter-sweet at best; and the fine Colours of the Serpent do, by

means, make amends for the Smart and Poison of his Sting.

It is hardly imaginable that one should be delighted with a Sin at *second Hand*, till he has known it at the *first*. Delight is the natural Result of Practice and Experiment, and when it flows from any Thing else, so far it recedes from Nature: None look with much Pleasure upon the Works of Art, as those who are Artists themselves: They are therefore their delight, because they were heretofore their Employment, and they love to see such Things, because they once loved to do them.

We must know, That God has set a *flaming Sword*, not only before *Paradise*, but before Hell itself, to keep Men out of this as well as out of the other: And Conscience is the *Angel* into whose Hands the Sword is put. But if now the Sinner shall not only wrestle with this *Angel*, but throw him too, and win compleat a Victory over his Conscience, that all these Considerations shall be able to strike no Terror into his Mind, lay no Restraint upon his Lusts, no Controul upon his Appetites; he is certainly too long for the Means of Grace, and his Heart lies open like a broad and high Road for all the Sin and Villany in the World freely to pass through.

It is generally the Property of an old Sinner, to find a Delight in reviewing his own Villanies in the Practice of other Men; to see his Sin and himself (as it were) in Reversion; and to find a greater Satisfaction in beholding him, who succeeds him in his Vice, than him who is to succeed him in his Estate.

The Vices of old Age have in them the Stiffness, about it too: And as it is the unfittest Time to *Learn*, so the Unfitness of it to *unlearn* will be found much greater.

An old Wrestler loves to look on and be near the Loss, though *Feebleness* will not let him offer at the

the Prize. An old Huntsman finds a Musick in the Noise of Hounds, though he cannot follow the Chase. An old Drunkard loves a Tavern though he cannot go to it, but as he is supported and led by another, just as some are observed to come from thence. And an old Wanton will be doating upon Women, when he can scarce see them without Spectacles.

'Tis Company only that can bear a Man out in an ill Thing; and he who is to encounter and fight the Law, will be sure to need a *second*.

If after all, the Debauchee must needs be seen, and took Notice of, with all his Filth and Noisomeness about him, he promises himself however, that it will be some Allay to his Reproach, to be but one of many, to march in a Troop, and by a preposterous kind of *Ambition* to be seen in bad Company.

Where a Child finds his own Parents to be his Perversers, he cannot be so properly said to be *born*, as to be *damned* into the World; and better were it for him by far to have been *unborn*, and *unbegotten*, than to come to ask *Blessing* of those whose Conversation breaths nothing but Contagion and a Curse. So impossible, and so much a Paradox is it, for any Parent to impart to his Child his Blessing and his Vice too.

The Devil can neither Drink, nor Whore, nor play the Epicure, though he enjoy the Pleasures of all these at a second Hand, and by malicious Approbation.

When we see a Man over-borne and run down by the corrupt Affections of his Soul, considering the Frailty of Humane Nature, we cannot but pity the Person, while we abhor the Crime: It being like one ready to drink Poison, rather than to die with

Thirst.

There

There is as much Difference between the Pleasure a Man takes in his own Sins, and that which he takes in other Mens, as there is between the Wickedness of a Man, and the Wickedness of a Devil.

No Man can be so much a Swine as to be always pouring in, but in the Compass of some Years, he will drown his Health, and his Strength, in his own Belly; and after all his drunken Trophies, at length *drink down* himself too: And that certainly will and must put an End to the Debauch.

Of taking Pleasure in other Mens Sins.

BY this Means there is a kind of Transmigration of Sins, much like that which *Pythagoras* held of Souls; such a one to be sure it is, as makes a Man, not only (according to the Apostle's Phrase) a *Partaker of other Mens Sins*, but also a Deriver of the whole entire Guilt of them to himself; and yet so, as to leave the Committer of them as full of Guilt, as he was before. It is a Collection of the Guilt of a long and numerous Train of Villanies, the Compendium and Sum Total of several particular Impieties, all united and cast up into one. It is (as it were) the very Quintessence and Sublimation of Vice, by which (as in the Spirit of Liquors) the Malignity of many Actions is contracted into a little Compass, but with a greater Advantage of Strength and Force by such a Contraction. In a Word, It is the Wickedness of a whole Life, discharging all its Filth and Foulness into this one Quality, as into a great Sink or common Shore: So that nothing is, or can be, so properly and significantly called the *very Sinfulness of Sin*, as this.

A Man's Judgment or Conscience, is the great Spring of all his Actions; and consequently to corrupt

rupt or pervert this, is to derive a Contagion upon all that he does.

Let a Man have but Impudence and Wickedness enough to Libel his Maker, and to entitle the *Spirit of God* to all that he does, or desires, Sur-naming his own Inclinations and Appetites (though never so irregular and impure) the Holy Ghost, and you may upon very sure Grounds, turn him loose, and bid him Sin if he can.

Perswade but a Man that a regenerate Person may cheat and lie, steal, murder and rebel, by way of *Infirmity*, and at the same Time you perswade him also; that he may do all this without any Danger of Damnation.

He who has vented a pernicious Doctrine, or published an ill Book, must know that his Guilt and his Life determine not together. No, such a one (as the Apostle says) *being dead yet speaketh*. He Sins in his very Grave, corrupts others while he is rotting himself; and has a growing Account in the other World, after he has paid Nature's last Debt in this: And in a Word, quits this Life like a Man carried off by the Plague, who though he dies himself, yet does Execution upon others, by a surviving Infection.

One would think, it should be no easy matter to bring any Man of Sense to love an Alehouse; indeed, of so much Sense as *Seeing* and *Smelling* amounts to, there being such strong Encounters of both, as would quickly send him packing, did not the Love of Good-Fellowship reconcile him to these Nuisances, and the Deity he ador'd compound for the Homeliness of the Shrine.

I doubt not (how much soever Knaves may abuse Fools with Words for a Time) but there will come a Day, in which the most active Papists will be found under the Puritan Mask; in which it will appear, That the Conventicle has been the *Jesuits* sa-
fest

fest Kennel; and the Papists themselves, as well as the Fanaticks, have been Managers of all those monstrous Out-cries against Popery, to the Ruin of those Protestants whom they most hate, and whom alone they fear: It being no unheard of Trick for a Thief, when he is close pursued, to cry out, *stop the Thief*, and thereby diverting the Suspicion from himself to get clear away.

It is reported of *Cæsar*, That passing through a certain Town, and seeing all the Women of it standing at their Doors, with Monkeys in their Arms, he asked, Whether the Women of that Country used to have any Children or no? Thereby wittily and sarcastically reproaching them, for misplacing that Affection upon Brutes, which could only become a Mother to her Child: So when we come into a great Family or Government, and see this Place of Honour allotted to a Murtherer, another filled with an Atheist, or Blasphemer, and a third with a filthy Parasite, may we not as appositely and properly ask the Question, Whether there be any such Thing as Vertue, Sobriety or Religion, among such a People, with whom Vice wears those Rewards, Honours and Privileges, which in other Nations the common Judgment of Reason awards only to the Vertuous, the Sober and Religious.

No Man knows at his first Entrance upon any Sin, how far it may carry him, and where it will stop: The Commission of Sin being generally like the *pouring out of Water*, which when once poured out, knows no other Bounds but to run as far as it can.

He that approves, embraces and delights in Sin, as he observes it in the Practice of other Men, must be as bad as the Devil will have him, and can be no better than the Devil will let him: In both he must submit to his Measures. And, What is this but a kind of Entrance into, or rather an Anticipation of Hell? What is it but Judgment and Damnation

already begun? For a Man in such a Case is as sure of it, as if he were actually in the Flames.

Nothing grows weak with Age, but that which will at length die with Age; which Sin never does. The longer a Blot continues, the deeper it sinks: And it will be found a Work of no small Difficulty, to dispossess and throw out a Vice from that Heart, where long Possession begins to plead Prescription. It is naturally impossible for an old Man to grow young again; and it is next to impossible for a decrepid, aged Sinner, to become a *New Creature*, and be born again.

If we consider at what a Rate some Men sin now-a-days, that Man Sin's Charitably who damns nobody but himself: But the other Sort of Sinners, who may properly enough be said to People Hell, and in a very ill Sense to *bear the Sins of many*; as they have a Guilt made up of many Guilts, so what can they reasonably expect but a Damnation equivalent to many Damnations.

Where *Greatness* takes no Delight in *Goodness*, we may be sure there shall be but little Goodness seen in the Lives of those who have any Interest to serve by such an one's Greatness: For take any illustrious potent Sinner, whose Power is wholly employ'd to serve his Pleasure, and whose chief Pleasure is to see others as bad and wicked as himself, and there is no Question, but in a little Time, he will also make them so, and his Dependants shall quickly become his Profelites.

Those who by the Majesty, and (as I may so say) the Prerogative of their Age, should even frown Youth into Sobriety, and better Manners, are now striving all they can to imitate and strike in with them; and to be *really vicious*, that they may be *thought to be Young*.

Of the Idolatry of Worshipping the true God by Images, which renders those that do it without Excuse.

CAN any one imagine, That Men of Reason (*meaning the antient Sages and Philosophers, whom St. Paul in his Epistle to the Romans, taxes with Idolatry and with being inexcusable*) who had their Senses quick, and their Wits and Discourse entire, could take that Image or Statue which they fell down before to be a God? Could they think that to be infinite and immense, the Ubiquity of which they could thrust into a Corner of their Closet? Or could they conceive that to be Eternal, which a few Days before they had seen a Log, or a rude Trunk, and perhaps the other Peice of it a joint Stool in the Workman's Shop? The Ground and Reason of all Worship is an Opinion of Power and Will in the Person worshipped, to answer and supply our Desires, which he cannot possibly do, unless he first apprehend them; But can any Man, who is Master of Sense himself, believe the rational Heathen so void of it, as to think that those Images could fulfil the Petitions, which they could not hear, pity the Wants they could not see, do all Things when they could not stir a Hand or a Foot? 'Tis impossible they should; but it is also certain, That they were Idolaters, sinking into the meanest and most ridiculous Instances of Idolatry, even so far as to worship the great God under the Form of *Beasts and creeping Things*; to adore Eternity and Immensity in a Brute, or in a Plant, or some viler Thing, bowing down in their Adoration to such Things, as they could scarce otherwise have bowed down to take up: Nay, And to rear Temples, and make Altars to Fear, Lust and Revenge, there being scarce a corrupt Passion of the Mind, or a Distemper of the Body, but what

what they worship'd: So that it could not be expected, That they should ever *Repent* of those Sins which they thought fit to *Deify*, nor mortify those corrupt Affections to which they ascribed a kind of *Divinity* and *Immortality*.

How will these Men answer for their Sins, who stand thus condemn'd for their Devotions?

The Principles by which they *walked*, were as much below those by which they *judged*, as their *Feet* was below their *Head*: By the one they look'd *upwards*, while they placed the other in the *Dirt*. Their Writings shew what raised and sublime Notions they had of the Divine Nature, while they employed their Reason about that glorious Object; and what excellent Discourses of Vertue and Morality, the same Reason enabled them to furnish the World with: But when they came to transcribe the *Theories* into *Practice*; one seemed to be of no other Use to them at all, but only to reproach them for the other.

Nothing is more evident from Experience, Than that the not using or employing any Faculty or Power of the Body or Soul, does insensibly weaken and impair that Faculty: As a Sword, by long lying still, will contract a *Rust*, which shall not only deface its *Brightness*, but by Degrees also consume its very *Substance*; doing nothing, naturally Ends in being nothing.

It holds in all operative Principles whatsoever, but especially in such as relate to Morality; in which *not to proceed*, is certainly *to go backward*, there being *no third Estate* between *not advancing* and *retreating* in a *vertuous Course*. Growth is of the very *Essence*, and *Nature* of some Things. *To be*, and *to thrive*, is all one with them, and they know no middle Season between their *Spring* and their *Fall*.

Never was any Thing or Person really good only to it self.

Amongst

Amongst the *Gentiles*, the *Laws* themselves were the greatest *Offenders*. They made little or no *Provision* for *Vertue*, but very much for *Vice*; for the early and universal *Practice* of *Sin*, had turn'd it into a *Custom*, and *Custom*, especially in *Sin*, quickly pass'd into *Common Law*.

That which stops a Man's *actual Breathing* very long, will in the *Issue* take away his very *Power* of *Breathing* too. To hide one's *Talent* in the *Ground*, is to *bury* it, and the *Burial* of a *Thing*, either finds it *dead*, or will quickly make it so.

It has been always the *Practice* of the governing *Cheats* of all *Religions*, to keep the *People* in as gross *Ignorance* as possibly they could; for the *Heathen Impostors* used it before the *Christian Impostors* took it up and improv'd it: *Si Populus decipi vult decipiatur*, was always a *Gold* and *Silver Rule* among them all; tho' the *Pope's Legate* first turn'd it into a *Benediction*: And a very strange one it was, and enough (one would think) to have made all that heard it to look about them, and begin to *bless themselves*: For as *Demetrius*, a great *Master* in such *Arts*, told his fellow *Artists*, *Acts* 19. 25. It was by this *Craft* that they got their *Wealth*; so long *Experience* has found it true of the *unthinking Mobile*, that the *closer* they shut their *Eyes*, the *wider* they open their *Hands*.

When *Nature* is in the *Dark*, it will venture to do any *Thing*. And *God* knows how far the *Spirit* of *Infatuation* may prevail upon the *Heart*, when it comes once to *Court* and *Love* a *Delusion*.

Surely it could be no ordinary *Declension* of *Nature*, that could bring some *Men*, after an ingenuous *Education* in *Arts* and *Philosophy*, to place their *summum bonum* upon their *Trenchers*, and their utmost *Felicity* in *Wine* and *Women*, and those *Lusts* and *Pleasures*, which a *Swine* or a *Goat*, has as full

full and quick a Sense of, as the greatest Statesman, or the best Philosopher in the World.

It is every whit as irrational for a Sinner to plead his *Innocence* before *Omniscience*, as it would be to oppose his *Power* to *Omnipotence*; however, the last Refuge of a guilty Person, is to take Shelter under an *Excuse*, and so to mitigate, if he cannot divert the Blow. It was the Method of the Pattern and Parent of all Sinners, *Adam*, first to *bide*, and then to *excuse* himself; to wrap the *Apple* in the *Leaves*, and to give his Case a Gloss at least, though not a Defence. But now when the Sinner shall be stripped of this also, have all his Excuses blown away, be stabbed with his own Arguments, and (as it were) sacrificed upon that very *Altar*, which he fled to for *Succour*; this, surely, is the Height, and *Crisis* of a forlorn Condition: Yet this was the Case of the Malefactors who stand here arraign'd in the Text (*viz. of being without Excuse*) This was the Consummation of their Doom, That they were Persons not only unfit for a *Pardon*, but even for a *Plea*.

The idolatrous Heathens, and especially the most Learned of them, not being able to charge their Idolatry either upon *Ignorance*, or *Unwillingness*, were wholly without *Excuse*; so that it is to be feared that *Averroes* had not the right way of Blessing himself, when in Defiance of Christianity, he wished, *Sit anima mea cum Philosophis*.

All the Hope we can have for the Salvation of the Heathens, is, That the *Gospel* may not be the utmost Limit of the Divine Mercy; but that the Merits of Christ may over-flow and over-run the Pale of the Church so as to reach even many of those who lived and died invincibly ignorant of him: For admit an impenitent Heathen to plead, that albeit his Conscience told him he had sinned, yet it could not tell him that there was any Provision of Mercy for him
upon

upon his Repentance. He knew not whether Amendment of Life would be accepted after the Law was once broke, or that there was any other Righteousness to atone, or Merit for him, but his own.

The Difference between a Heathen and a Christian, in a State of Impenitence.

NO Christian who has been taken into the Arms of a better Covenant, and grown up in the Knowledge of a Saviour, and the Doctrine of *Faith* and *Repentance*, from dead *Works*, can speak so much as one plausible Word for his Impenitence: And therefore it was said of him, who came to the *Marriage Feast without a Wedding Garment*, that being charged, and apprehended for it, *ἐκπῶς*, he was *Speechless*, struck with *Shame* and *Silence*, the proper Effects of an over-powering Guilt, too manifest to be denied, and too gross to be defended. His Reason deserted, and his Voice failed him, finding himself arraigned, convicted and condemn'd in the Court of his own Conscience.

Of Sacramental Preparation.

MEN must not think that the Gospel is all made up of *Privilege* and *Promise*; but that there is something of *Duty* to be performed, as well as of *Privilege* to be enjoyed. No welcome to a *Wedding Supper*, without a *Wedding Garment*; and no coming by a *Wedding Garment* for nothing. In all the Transactions between God and the Souls of Men, something is expected on both Sides; there being a fix'd indissoluble (and in the Language of the Parable) a kind of *Marriage Tye* between *Duty* and *Privilege*, which renders them inseparable.

None but the Careless, and the Confident (and few are Confident but are first Careless) would rush

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rudely into the Presence of a great Man: And shall we, in our Applications to the great God, take that to be *Religion*, which the common Reason of Mankind will not allow to be Manners. The very Rule of worldly Civility might instruct Men how to order their Addresses to God: For who that is to appear before his *Prince*, or *Patron*, would not view and review himself over and over, with all imaginable Care and Solitude, that there be nothing justly offensive in his Habit, Language or Behaviour? But especially if he be vouchsafed the Honour of his Table, it would be infinitely more absurd and shameful to appear foul and sordid there; and in the Dress of the *Kitchen*, receive the Entertainments of the *Parlour*.

I will wash my Hands in Innocency (says David) and so will I compass thine Altar, *Psal.* 26. 6. and as the Apostle told the Hebrews, *Heb.* 13. 10. we also, we Christians have an Altar as well as they; an Altar as sacred, an Altar to be approached with as much Awe and Reverence; and tho' there be no Fire upon it, yet there is a dreadful one that follows it. A Fire that does not indeed consume the *Offering*, but such an one, as will be sure to seize, and prey upon the unworthy *Offerer*.

If the Jews thought the Practice requisite, (*viz.* of washing their Hands, &c.) before they sat down to their own Tables; let us Christians think it absolutely necessary, when we come to God's Table, *not to eat till we have washed*: And when I have said so, I suppose I need not add, That our washing is to be like our eating, both of them spiritual; That we are to carry it from the Hand to the Heart, to improve a Ceremonial Nicety, into a Substantial Duty, and the Modes of Civility, into the Realities of Religion.

As no Man comes with folded Arms to fight or wrestle, nor prepares himself for the Battle, as he would compose himself to sleep; so upon a true Estimate

mate of Things, it will be found every whit as absurd and irrational, for a Man to discharge the most extraordinary Duty of his Religion, at the Rate of an ordinary Devotion: For this is really a Paradox in Practice, and Men may sometimes *do* as well as *speak* Contradictions.

A *New Creature* is a Word that comprehends more in it, than Words can well express: And perhaps after all that can be said of it, never thoroughly to be understood by what a Man *hears* from others, but what he must *feel* within himself.

The Sacrament of the *Lord's Supper* is originally intended to preserve and maintain that *Spiritual Life*, which we do, or should receive in Baptism, or at least by a through Conversion after it. Upon which Account, according to the true Nature and Intent of this Sacrament, Men should not expect *Life*, but *Growth* from it; and see that there be something to be *fed*, before they seek out for Provision. For the Truth is, for any one who is not passed from *Death* to *Life*, and has not in him that *new living Principle*, to come to this Spiritual Repast, is upon the matter, as absurd and preposterous, as if he who makes a Feast, should send to the Graves and the Church-yards for Guests, or entertain and treat a Corps at a Banquet.

Habitual Grace is the *Life*, and *Actual Grace* the Beauty and Ornament of the Soul; and therefore let People in this high and great Concern, be but so just to their Souls, as in one much less, they never fail to be to their Bodies; in which the greatest Advantages of Natural Beauty, make none think the further Advantage of a decent *Dress* superfluous.

If the deepest Statesman should presume to go to Council immediately from his Cups; or the *ablest Preacher*, think himself fitted to preach, only by stepping up to the Pulpit; notwithstanding the Poverty of the one, and the Eloquence of the other, they may chance to get the just Character of *bold Fools*

for venturing, whatsoever good *Fortune* may bring them off.

The bare Nature and Essential Form of Fire, will enable it to burn ; but there must be an enlivening Breath of Air besides, to make it flame. A Man has the same Strength, Sleeping and Waking, but while he sleeps, it fits him no more for Business, than if he had none. Nor is it the having of Wheels and Springs, though never so curiously Wrought and artificially Set, but the Winding of them up, that must give Motion to the Watch : The Case is much the same in Spirituals. For Grace in the Soul, while the Soul is in the Body, will always have the ill Neighbourhood of some Remainders of Corruption ; which though they do not conquer and extinguish, yet will be sure to slacken and allay the Vigour and Briskness of the renewed Principle ; so that when this Principle is to engage in any great Duty, it will need the actual Intention, the particular Stress and Application of the whole Soul, to disencumber and set it free, to scour off its Rust, and remove those Hindrances, which would otherwise clog and check the Freedom of its Operations.

Nothing in Nature can be more grievous, and offensive to a Sinner, than to look into himself ; and generally what Grace requires, Nature is most averse. It is indeed as offensive, as to rake into a Dunghill ; as grievous as for one to read over his Debts, when he is not able to pay them ; or for a Bankrupt to examine and look into his Accounts, which at the same Time that they acquaint, must needs also upbraid him with his Condition.

Nothing can well be imagined more painful, than to probe and search a purulent old Sore to the Bottom ; but for all that, the Pain must be endured, or no Cure expected. And Men certainly have sunk their Reason to very gross, low, and absurd Conceptions of God, when in the matter of Sin, they can make false and short Reckonings with Him and their

their own Hearts ; For can they imagine that God has therefore forgot their Sins, because they are not willing to remember them ? Or will they measure his *Pardon* by their own *Oblivion* ? What pitiful Fig-leaves, what senseless and ridiculous Shifts are these, not able to *Silence*, and much less *satisfie* an accusing Conscience.

We may with great Assurance conclude, That he who is not frequently *upon his Knees*, before he comes to that Holy Table, *kneels* to very little Purpose when he is there.

Let the *Body* be called in as an Assistant to the *Soul*, and *Abstinence* and *Fasting* added to promote and heighten her Devotions. *Prayer* is a kind of *Wrestling with God*, and he who would win the Prize at that Exercise, must be severely *dieted* for that Purpose.

Wrath and *Envy*, *Malice* and *Backbiting*, and the like, are direct Contradictions to the Spirit of Christianity, and fit a Man for the Sacrament, just as much as a Stomach over-flow'd with Gall, would help him to digest his Meat. When I consider the pure and and blessed Body of our Saviour, passing through the *open Sepulchre of such a Throat*, into the noisome Receptacle of his boiling, fermenting Breast ; it seems to me a lively, but sad Representation of Christ's being *first buried, and then descending into Hell*. Let this Diabolical Leaven therefore be purged out ; and while such pretend to be cleansing their *Hearts*, let them not forget to wash their *Mouths* too.

While a Man is engaged in any sinful Purpose, through the Prevalence of any Passion ; during the Continuance of that Passion, he fully approves of whatsoever he is carried on to do in the Strength of it ; and judges it under his present Circumstances, the best and most rational Course that he can take : Thus we see when *Jonas* was under the Passion of Anger, and God asked him, *Whether he did well to*
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be angry? He answer'd, I do well to be angry, even unto Death, Jonas 4. 9.

Sin taken into the Soul, is like a Liquor poured into a Vessel; so much of it as it fills, it also seasons: The Touch and Tincture go together; so that although the Body of the Liquor should be poured out again, yet still it leaves that Twang behind it, which makes the Vessel fitter for that, than for any other: In like manner, every Act of Sin strangely transforms, and works over the Soul to its own Likeness; Sin in this, being to the Soul like Fire to combustible Matter; it assimilates before it destroys it.

When the Soul is beaten from its first Station, and the Mounds and Outworks of Vertue are once broken down, it becomes quite another Thing from what it was before. In one single eating of the Forbidden Fruit, when the Act is over, yet the Relish remains: And the Remembrance of the first Repast, is an easy Allurement to a second. One Visit is enough to begin an Acquaintance; and this Point is gained by it, that when the Visitant comes again, he is no more a Stranger.

This is the Sinner's hard Lot, That the same Thing which makes him need Repentance, makes him also in Danger of not obtaining it; for it provokes and offends that *Holy Spirit*, which alone can bestow this Grace: As the same Treason which puts a Traytor in need of his Prince's Mercy, is a great and just Provocation to his Prince to deny it him.

It is certainly a miserable Thing to be forced to cast Lots for his Life, yet in every Sin a Man does the same for Eternity.

Of preventing Grace compar'd with pardoning Grace.

IF Innocence be preferable to Repentance, and to be *clean*, be more desirable than to be *cleansed*, then surely prevention of Sin ought to have the pre-

precedence of its Pardon. For so much of *Prevention*, so much of *Innocence*.

Certain it is, that wheresoever it pleases God to stop the Sinner on this side Hell, how far soever he has been advanced in his way towards it, it is a vast ineffable Mercy; a Mercy as great as Life from the Dead, and Salvation to a Man tottering with Horror upon the very edge and brink of Destruction. But, if more than all this, God *shall* be pleased by an early Grace to prevent Sin so soon, as to keep the Soul in the Virginity of its first Innocence, not tainted with the Desires, and much less deflowered with the formed purpose of any thing vile and sinful; what an infinite Goodness is this? It is not a *converting*, but a *crowning* Grace, such an one as irradiates, and puts a Circle of Glory about the Head of him upon whom it descends; it is the *Holy Ghost* coming down upon him *in the form of a Dove*, and setting him Triumphant above the necessity of Tears and Sorrow, Mourning and Repentance, the sad after-games of a lost Innocence.

When Grace keeps a Man so within his Bounds, that Sin is *prevented*, he certainly knows it to be so, and so rejoices upon the firm infallible ground of Sense and Assurance. But on the other side, though Grace may have reversed the condemning Sentence, and seal'd the Sinner's Pardon before God, yet it may have left no Transcript of that Pardon in the Sinner's Breast. The *Hand-Writing* against him may be cancell'd in the *Court of Heaven*, and yet the Indictment run on in the *Court of Conscience*. So that a Man may be safe as to his Condition, but in the mean time *dark* and doubtful as to his Apprehensions. Secure in his Pardon, but *miserable* in the Ignorance of it; and so passing all his Days in the disconsolate uneasy Vicissitude of Hopes and Fears, at length go out of the World, not knowing where he lies. And what is this but a black Cloud drawn over

over all a Man's Comforts? A Cloud, which though it cannot hinder the supporting *Influence* of Heaven, yet will be sure to intercept the refreshing *Light* of it. The *Pardoned Person* must not think to stand upon the same Vantage-Ground with the Innocent. It is enough that they are both equally *safe*; but it cannot be thought, that without a rare Privilege, both can be equally *cheerful*.

There is no ill thing which a Man does in his Passion, but his Memory will be revenged on him for it afterwards.

All Pleasure springing from a gratify'd Passion, as most of the Pleasure of Sin does, must needs determine with that Passion. 'Tis short, violent and fallacious; and as soon as the Imagination is disabused, will certainly be at an end. It is indeed a real Trap upon the Reason, feeding it with Colours and Appearances, instead of Arguments, and driving the very same Bargain which *Jacob* did with *Esau*, A Mess of Pottage for a Birth-right, a present repast for a perpetuity.

A truly Pious Mind, if it receives a Temporal Blessing with Gratitude, receives a Spiritual one with Exstasie and Transport. *David*, an Heroick Instance of such a Temper, over-looks the rich and seasonable Present of *Abigail*, tho' press'd with Hunger and Travels; but her Advice which disarmed his Rage, and calmed his Revenge, draws forth those high, and affectionate Gratulations from him. *Blessed be thy Advice, and blessed be thou, who hast kept me this Day from shedding Blood, and avenging my self with my own Hand.* These were his joyful and glorious Trophies; not that he triumph'd over his *Enemies*, but that he insulted over his *Revenge*, that he escap'd from himself, and was deliver'd from his own *Fury*.

F I N I S.